THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 172, No. 8 — Philadelphia, August 19, 1899 — 5 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 420 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

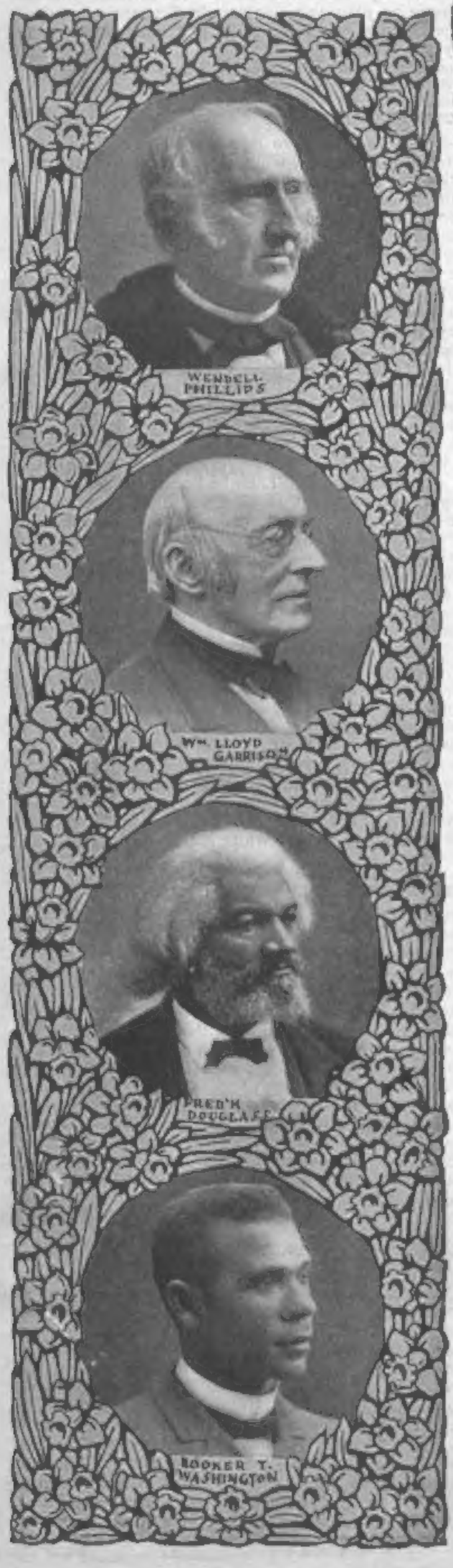
The ECCENTRICITIES of GENIUS

PAPER No. 1

Famous Orators I Have Known

By

Major J. B. POND



THE great triumvirate of lecture kings consisted of Gough, Beecher and Wendell Phillips. Other men for a season, and sometimes for a few years, were as popular as any of them, but theirs was a calcium-light popularity, whereas the popularity of the "Big Three" endured for their entire lives.

Now that Phillips and Garrison and the era in which they flourished have passed into history, it is common for writers who treat on that period to talk of these two champions of freedom as if they were equals, or of Phillips, even, as if he were Garrison's inferior.

Those who knew both men smile at such absurdities.

Phillips and Garrison were equals in one respect only—in moral courage and unselfish devotion to the slave. Garrison was a commonplace man in respect to intellectual ability, whereas Phillips was a man of genius of the rarest culture. Garrison was a strong platform speaker. Phillips was one of the greatest orators of the century. Only three men of his time could contest the palm of eloquence with him: Webster, Clay and Beecher.

HOW WENDELL PHILLIPS MASTERED THE MOB

Phillips was a terrible radical, with a polish about his performance that took away from it, for the average outdoor audience, the effect of the deadly earnestness with which his reputation was associated. Mr. Phillips spoke as quietly as though talking in his own parlor, and almost entirely without gesture, though he had a greater power over all kinds of audiences than any man we have ever known. Often called before a howling mob who went to the halls to shout and sing and prevent his being heard, he never failed to subdue them in a short time. These were instances when such men as Garrison and Parker were as powerless as children.

A mob had congregated in Faneuil Hall determined that he should not be heard. There was a crowd of reporters in front. Mr. Phillips bent down and was seen talking to these reporters. Very soon the mob became quiet, and stopped to listen to what he was saying to the reporters. Phillips looked up at them quietly and said: "Go on, gentlemen, go on; I do not need your ears. With these pencils I am addressing fifty millions of people." That mob had found its master.

There never was a more benevolent face than William Lloyd Garrison's. He had a kindly eye, a winning smile, a gentleness of way, a crisp, straightforward way of talking, and a merciless movement in straight lines of thought.

Mr. Garrison visited England after the war was over and the emancipation of the slaves was accomplished, and received unusual courtesies. At a dinner given him by the British Anti-Slavery Society he was presented with a gold watch. As he took it in his hand he said:

"Well, gentlemen, if this had been a rotten egg I should have known what to do with it, but as it is a gold watch, I have nothing to say."

THE GREATNESS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER

John Bright told me that Henry Ward Beecher was the greatest orator who spoke the English tongue. When Beecher came to Plymouth Church, in 1844, he was thirty-four years of age, strong and rugged in health, unconventional in manners, but never ungentlemanly. His free, brusque address and direct approach was different from more polished clergymen, and everything he said and did was made the subject of remark. I suppose no man ever lived more directly under the public gaze than did Mr. Beecher for forty years; his life was seen and read by all men—his public life—but few have known of his domestic gentleness and invariable sweetness of nature.

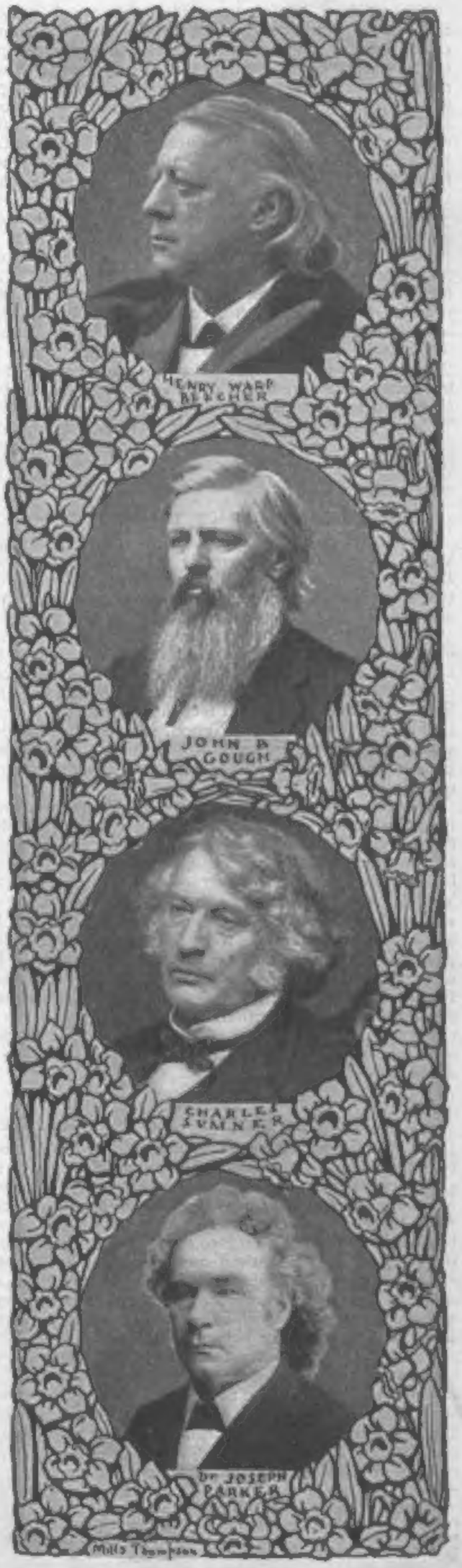
He was the centre of loving hearts. Strong and powerful as he knew he was, to those he loved he was as gentle as a mother. As to enmities, he had none, and he hardly knew he had enemies. He was the most joyous, radiantly happy man that was ever known.

I remember one day I had seen him walking arm in arm with a man who had injured him, who had been abusing him. I said to Mr. Beecher: "I think you are carrying the doctrine of Christian love too far."

He said: "Pond, can we go further than to bless those who curse us, and pray for those who despitefully use us? Ah, there is so little known of the spirit of Christ in the world that when a man is trying feebly and afar off to follow Him, even Christians do not understand it."

No answer could be made to such reasoning as this.

His friends knew and learned from him what was meant by being a Christian. His theory was that as the son of God and in unison with his



Father he had a right to happiness, and this right he would allow no man or set of men to take from him.

He had the power of abstraction, by which he could put away all thoughts of care and trouble, and rise to a higher atmosphere where the heavens were blue and unclouded, while his eyes and ears seemed closed to all lower considerations. To those nearest to him at these times he was a perfect wonder.

CROSSING THE CONTINENT WITH MR. BEECHER

He was my nearest and dearest friend for thirteen years. Excepting only Arizona, New Mexico and Alaska, there was not a State or Territory in the Union in which we did not travel together. In sunshine and in storm; by night and by day; by every conceivable mode, on steamboats and rowboats, by stage and on the backs of mules, I journeyed at his side. I was near him in the days of 1875–6–7, the time of his deepest sorrow. I saw him reviled and spat upon. I saw the majestic courage with which he passed through gaping crowds at railroad stations and at the entrance of hotels and public halls—a courage which I had not conceived mere humanity could possess. I have looked upon him when I felt I would give my poor life a thousand times, could that sacrifice alleviate the mental sufferings that I knew he was undergoing. There were times when it seemed as though he must give way—times when I was the only friend within his reach, and he sought refuge near and with me. It was thus that he came to love and trust me, and that my love and veneration for him became so strong.

Especially during those three darkest years was he the subject of my sad admiration. Often have I seen him, on our entering a strange town, hooted at by a swarming crowd, and greeted with indecent salutations. On such occasions he would pass on, seemingly unmoved, to his hotel, and remain there until the hour for his public appearance. Then, confronted by great throngs, he would lift up his voice, always for humanity and godliness. When he had spoken, the assemblages would linger to draw near and greet the man whom they had so lately despised. How changed I have often seen the public attitude toward him when he left a town into which he had come but the day before! Thus he went from city to city, making friends and advocates of all who heard or met him.

THE RULE OF GOOD COFFEE, GOOD LECTURES

Henry Ward Beecher never ate before speaking. Not even at home on Sunday did he take breakfast. He was a great coffee-drinker, and always required one or two cups of good coffee instead of his meal before the lecture or sermon. He gave me to understand when we first started out together that if we were to have good lectures we must have good coffee. So I found it very often necessary to impress upon the host at our hotel that Mr. Beecher's success depended upon the hotel-keeper as much as on the lecture. It was very seldom we failed to have good coffee, except when in some frontier city in the far West and through the South.

Once, in Topeka, Kansas, where lived two old negro servants who had been partially brought up by Mr. and Mrs. Beecher in Indianapolis, the hotel coffee was wretched, and Mr. Beecher had predicted "a failure to-night." About six o'clock the man-servant came to Mr. Beecher's door with a pitcherful of smoking-hot coffee, which his wife, Letitia, had made and sent to him.

"Mr. Beecher," said the negro, whose name was Jim, "Letitia knowed ye must have some good coffee if you're to have a good lecture to-night, and she done made some, and I fotched it to ye."

"Oh, Jim," said Mr. Beecher, "tell Letitia she has helped me out! She knows just how to have a good lecture." And it was a good lecture.

GOUGH, THE KING OF THE LECTURE WORLD

John B. Gough deserves the title of King of the Lecture World, if popularity be made the sole test, and only Mr. Beecher and Wendell Phillips had any claim to contest the title with him, if eloquence—the power to hold and charm audiences—be made the test.

Mr. Gough was a more popular lecturer for a longer term of years than any other favorite of the lyceums. He was a born orator, with great dramatic power. Men of greater culture but less natural ability used to be fond of attributing his success to the supposed fact that he was the "Evangelical Comedian," that the unco good, whose religious prejudices would not suffer them to go to the theatre, found a substitute in listening to the comic stories and the dramatic delivery of Gough.

This theory does not suffice to explain the universal and long-continued popularity of this great orator. He never faced an audience that he did not capture and captivate; and not in the United States only, not in the North only, where his popularity never wavered, but in the South, where Yankees were not in favor, and in the Canadian Provinces, where they were disliked, and in every part of England, Scotland and Ireland as well. He was at his best before an educated audience in an evangelical community. But when he addressed a "minion" audience in North Street—the Five-Points region of Boston—he charmed the gamin and the poorest classes who gathered there as much as he charmed the cultivated assemblages in Music Hall, Boston, then admitted to be the finest audiences that Boston and its suburbs could turn out.

THE STAGE-FRIGHTS OF A GREAT ORATOR

Mr. Gough never asked a fee in his life. He left his remuneration to the public who employed him. It rose year after year, beginning with less than a dollar at times, until, when the bureau did his business for him, it reached from $200, the lowest fee, to $500 a night. In the last years of his life his income exceeded $30,000. He did more to promote the temperance cause than any man who ever lived. It is strange, but it is a fact, that although Gough never broke down in his life as an orator, and never failed to capture his audience, yet he always had a mild sort of stage-fright, which never went off until he began to speak.

To get time to master this fright was the reason why he always insisted on being "introduced" to his audiences before he spoke, and he so insisted even in places where the absurd custom had been abandoned for years. When the Chairman was introducing him, Mr. Gough was "bracing up" to overcome his stage-fright. And let me say right here that the phrase "bracing up" has two meanings; that the slanderous statements often started against Mr. Gough, that he sometimes took a drink in secret, were wholly and wickedly untrue. In his autobiography Mr. Gough has told the true story of his fall, his conversion, and his one relapse, and he has told it truthfully. He was absolutely and always, after his first relapse, a total-abstinence man in creed and life. There never lived a truer man.

For forty years he held the reputation as first in the land as an orator and champion of temperance. He probably delivered more lectures than any man who has lived in the present age. From a carefully kept record we find that from 1842 to 1852 he lectured on an average of 300 times a year, making 3000 lectures. From 1862 to 1870 he averaged 260 times a year, or 2080 lectures on temperance. Of these, 1160 were delivered in Great Britain. After 1870 Mr. Gough lectured on miscellaneous subjects. Each year he prepared a new lecture. From 1861 to the time of his death, February 11, 1886, he delivered 3526 lectures, making in all 9600 addresses before 9,000,000 hearers.

John B. Gough was among the heroes of the nineteenth century. The incalculable good he did to his fellowmen can never be known. It is no idle statement when we say that he was the direct means, under God, of raising tens of thousands from degradation to be law-abiding men and women. It was my privilege, in 1879, to see in Mr. Gough's library four large books containing the names of over 140,000 men, women and children who, by his own personal efforts, had been induced to sign the pledge.

GOUGH GROOMED LIKE A RACEHORSE

It was the habit of John B. Gough, for forty years, to carry two overcoats on his lecture tours. After his lectures he put both of them on—the first, a light one, which he buttoned up tight, and the second, a very heavy one, a sort of combination of heavy ulster and the regulation overcoat.

His two-hour lecture was an unbroken succession of contortions and antics that left him dripping in perspiration. It required all this covering to protect his body from the air before he changed his wet clothing for dry.

On his return to his hotel, Mrs. Gough was always in waiting with fresh clothing. A valet at once set to work rubbing him down, exactly as is the custom of grooming a racehorse at the end of the heat. After this process he appeared apparently as fresh as ever. He would eat a bowl of bread and milk, and always wanted an old-fashioned bowl.

Mrs. Gough was his constant companion, but did not attend the lectures. During the last twelve years of their travel together she did not hear him once.

HOW SUMNER LOST AN ADMIRER

Charles Sumner was an aristocrat. He was my father's ideal. After I had got back from Kansas and visited my father's home in Wisconsin, father said to me: "James, the Honorable Charles Sumner is going to speak at R——. We must hear him."

So we arranged to go. We walked nine miles to hear him speak. My father never spoke of him without giving him his title. He had enjoyed that speech intensely. I do not know whether I did or not. Father sat near, with the intention of rushing up to the platform and greeting him by the hand when he was finished, but the Honorable Charles was too quick for him. He disappeared, got to his hotel, and nobody saw him.

Father said: "James, the Honorable Charles Sumner is going to Milwaukee to-morrow morning and we can ride with him a part of the way."

We were on the train early the next morning, and so was the Honorable Charles Sumner. He was sitting reading in the drawing-room car.

Father stepped up and said: "The Honorable Charles Sumner, I have read your speeches. I have felt it is the duty of every American to take you by the hand. This is my son. He has returned from the Kansas conflict."

Honorable Charles Sumner did not see father nor his son, but he saw the brakeman and said: "Can you get me a place where I will be undisturbed?"

Poor father! His heart was almost broken. During his last twenty-five years he never referred to the Honorable Charles Sumner.

Sumner was in greater demand as a lecturer than any other man of his time just about those years. His price was $300 to $500. There was never any difficulty in getting it.

DOCTOR PARKER'S TRIBUTE TO BEECHER

Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, minister of City Temple, London, and the greatest of living pulpit orators—I do not say the greatest preacher, for I think that distinction belongs to Dr. Lyman Abbott—has eccentricities that have retarded his friendships among strangers. Doctor Parker and his congregation in London were loyal, staunch friends of Mr. Beecher and his church during the time of the great preacher's deepest sorrow. In 1886, while in England with Henry Ward Beecher, I engaged Doctor Parker to come over here and make a lecture tour.

Meanwhile his friend, Mr. Beecher, died, and as Doctor Parker was coming to America, it was arranged that he should deliver a eulogy on his friend in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn. The net proceeds I was to donate to the Beecher Statue Fund, then being raised. It was the Doctor's first appearance of the tour. It was a large audience of Mr. Beecher's friends that nearly filled the Academy. The net proceeds were subsequently turned over to the Statue Fund as a contribution from me.

At the end of the first week I paid Doctor Parker for five lectures, which included the Beecher eulogy. I made no objections to this. In fact, I knew I had a perfect right to do so. Nothing was said about it in settlement. The Doctor had delivered five lectures and I had paid him. The net proceeds of the first lecture I had donated to the Beecher Statue Fund. I should have sent in a check as the net receipts of the lecture, with no further explanation, and then everything would have been all right and no questions asked, but as many thought the net receipts—about $1100—looked small for so large a house, and did not take into consideration the expense of the Academy of Music rental, advertising, etc., I made a comment to a member of the Statue Committee of all items, including the fee of the speaker. The Secretary happened to be the very last man I should have trusted. He at once had an item for the newspapers and rushed to the office, and that evening appeared in all the daily papers sensational headlines:

"DR. PARKER TAKES PAY FOR EULOGIZING HIS FRIEND!"

"MAJOR POND WITHHOLDS MONEY BELONGING TO THE BEECHER STATUE"

"DEACON WHITE COMES OUT AND DENOUNCES THE THIEF AND ACCOMPLICE, ETC."

It was exciting. Doctor Parker was on the road filling lecture engagements. Reporters and interviewers found him in Chicago and told him he was charged with refusing to deliver a eulogy on his friend for less than $250. Had he any money belonging to the Beecher Statue Fund? He declared he had none.

TEARING UP AN ELEVEN-HUNDRED-DOLLAR CHECK

He had been lecturing to crowded houses, but now the reporters completely demoralized him. He telegraphed me that he must stop. He was ill and could not go farther. He returned to New York. Reporters haunted him there. Every interview made matters worse. He engaged passage and sailed back home in a very few days. There was due to Doctor Parker $1100 for lectures that he had delivered. Of course I had been making money on his lectures, and to stop and cancel was a financial loss to me, but as in all contracts, "illness or unavoidable circumstances render this agreement null and void," I could only settle with Doctor Parker by paying what was due him. I made out the statement and accompanying check for $1100. He sent for me the day before he sailed. As I came into his dignified and sombre presence the Doctor said:

"Major Pond, I sail for my home to-morrow. My health is such that I cannot go on. The long voyages frighten me, and I am so completely collapsed when I arrive at the end of a day's journey that I cannot address my audiences. Under these conditions, and with this certificate of one of your most eminent physicians, I am legally released from any obligation to you. You owe me $1100 according to this statement. I propose to go away from America owing no one and having no one owe me, and you wish to pay me? You give me this check, which I suppose is good."

Holding the check in his hand, he proceeded to tear it up. "You are an honorable man. I want you to feel welcome at all times in my house in London. As to what you owe me, I propose to give you five hundred years to pay me, and if when due you cannot meet it I will renew it five hundred years more."

That was Doctor Parker's eccentric business way.

THE ABLEST MAN OF THE BLACK RACE

Frederick Douglass for two or three decades was one of the favorites of the lyceum, which he only abandoned after the emancipation of his race. Douglass beyond all comparison was the ablest man whom the black race ever produced in our country, either among the pure black or the class of mixed blood. He himself was a mulatto. He always gave his mother the credit of his talents. Douglass was born a slave. In early manhood he managed to escape on a ship, and landed in New Bedford, Massachusetts. There he soon learned to read, and worked at such work as he could find. By and by he attended anti-slavery meetings, and soon became a popular speaker and the pet of the abolitionists. His graphic accounts of his life as a slave were very popular.

From giving the story of his life, he gradually branched into discussions of the political questions of the day, and next to Phillips was probably the ablest orator of the anti-slavery movement. Eventually he went to Rochester and published, for many years, a weekly anti-slavery paper. Its title was Frederick Douglass' Paper. Then he became a lecturer, and his fame spread so rapidly that he took rank in the favor of the lecture-going public with Phillips and the other leading lights of the lyceum. When Lincoln came into power Douglass moved to Washington and was appointed to office in the District of Columbia as Marshal, which he held during the entire period of Lincoln's administration.

Douglass' first wife was a plantation negress without any education. A few years ago he married again. His second wife was white, and a woman of ability and education. The black race has developed under freedom many effective speakers, but Douglass was the only man among them who deserved to be regarded as a real orator. Most of the negro speakers were really benefited in public esteem on account of their color—that is, they could not have had as good a reputation as they won if they had been white men, for their audiences made excuses for them that they would not have made for a white man. But Douglass was retarded by his color—for he would have won a higher rank if he had been a white man.

HOW DOUGLASS PUT A CROWD TO SHAME

After hearing Douglass and Anna Dickinson speak at the first Southern Loyalist Convention at Philadelphia, John Minor Botts, the famous Virginian political leader, said:

"To-day I have heard the greatest white woman and the greatest colored orator in America. I tell you, sir, if Douglass had been a white man he would have been regarded as one of the greatest men in America."

"Well, sir," was the reply of his Northern listener, "we regard him as one of the greatest men in our country, even though he is a colored man."

In Janesville, Wisconsin, the landlord of the hotel would not allow him in the dining-room. The people got out a hose cart and engine and were going to wash out the place. Mr. Douglass came out on the porch and said:

"Go back. Don't blame the man. He is not to blame."

He made a plea there that put us all to shame.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON'S GREAT GIFTS

Booker T. Washington is Principal and founder of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, of Tuskegee.

Born a slave, he occupies a place among the foremost men of the age. At the Home Missionary meeting of the Presbyterians in Carnegie Hall, March 3, 1896, where President Cleveland presided, and where many of the greatest preachers and pulpit orators took part, this modest, unassuming negro of the South was the lion of the evening next to the President. He was a revelation to the people of the North. He has fire and magnetism and gifts of oratory which few of our Northern orators possess, whether they be black or white. He speaks with force and conviction, and leaves an indelible impression that whatever he says, right or wrong, he believes it to be right.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of four papers by Major Pond on The Eccentricities of Genius. The remaining papers will appear at intervals of a fortnight.

Reddy Armstrong's REFORMATION

By

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

Drawings by Vincent A. Svoboda

IN THE early days of his college course Reddy Armstrong was known as "The Lucky Red," and it is said that he gave racing tips to sporty upper classmen, although he was only a freshman. The reason the teams were so successful in athletics that year was that Reddy was there to bet on them. It was a great blow when he reformed.

He generally worked with Runt Ramsay, because Runt was near enough like himself to be congenial, and not enough so to be desirous of bossing the firm, and because they had always been together ever since they were suspended from "prep" school for dumping a bucket of coal on a new undermaster's head because he held it too high.

Runt did not have red hair, but they made a great pair to look at. About the campus Reddy wore a dead-grass colored corduroy suit and a blue sweater. Runt dressed in creamy corduroys and a crimson sweater, which went well with his black hair [illegible] was curly. He had good taste about a number of things, though he hoped to get over it in time.

Both of them were short, and they always walked to recitations with arms closely entwined about each other's shoulders, their faces wearing a demure and studious expression, as if they had spent the previous hour in hard poling upon the bright new books under their other arms, instead of scrapping on the sofa, and calling each other names. When you said hello to them, they smiled all over their faces. They were good fun in a crowd at night.

They were seldom seen apart. If one appeared on the campus without the other, he was asked, "Where's Runt, Red?" or, "Where's Red, Runt?" They decided to elect the same studies to avoid answering this question so often.

Their rooms were next door to each other. Red slept in Runt's bed, and Runt slept in Red's bed, and both slept together in first one bed, and then the other, so many times, and each was in the other's room so much during the day, that none of the class knew which room belonged to which, and one day some of the fellows made a bet on it. But when they referred the matter to Red and Runt, they did not agree, and therefore betted on it themselves. But Mrs. Glynn, who took care of the rooms, was not certain, and they finally appealed to the Assistant Treasurer of the college to decide it.

On Saturdays of the racing season they used to come to morning recitations dressed in loud linen and broad strap-seamed top-coats, and then steal out as soon as the roll was called and take the train for Guttenberg. If the day was lucky, they stayed in New York Saturday night and Sunday, that they might rest far away from the excitement and frivolities of the campus. If unsuccessful, they sneaked back sleepily on the "Owl" train, and told Tom, the carriage driver from the Junction, to hang it up. And if they had been too much cleaned out to telegraph him to meet them, they plunged through the three miles of dreary Jersey midnight, and cursed the inventors of railroad ties and patent leather shoes.

But they were unlucky remarkably seldom, and sometimes they did some big things. That is, Reddy did them. His round boy's face became familiar and somewhat fearful to the bookmakers. There were half a dozen followers, at Monmouth and at the other places that he frequented, who had learned that to bet as the little red-haired sport did was more efficient than rubbing the hump of a humpback.

These gentlemen dressed in huge checks, and, with large, black cigars under their large, black mustaches, used to watch for the round, freckled, smiling face, followed by the other smiling, unfreckled one. Then they would flock about the two boys and ask: "Say, do yous t'ink Jacobin can carry dat much?" "Garrison ain't to ride Petrel to-day. See?" and so on. And Reddy, who enjoyed all this, would look out over the buzzing crowd, and the excited women, and the jockeys warming up the runners, and give his opinion to each in a few earnest, sober words. If any of them dared to ask why, he blew smoke in their faces and looked offended.

One day a certain well-known official, when he heard that he was a son of the Armstrongs of the "Sunnybank breed farm," sent a messenger and brought Reddy to his box.

"Ah, you're a son of Colonel Armstrong's, I believe. He and I are old friends, you know," he said, with a smile that was intended to win, and then tried to draw young Armstrong out as to his father's intentions in regard to Gascon, the well-known two-year-old. But as the boy would not draw, he finally asked: "Well, now, do you think he will enter him on the sixteenth?" At which Reddy, because he thought it was nobody's business, turned his blue eyes timidly toward the beady black ones of the well-known official and made answer: "Oh, no, sir," and this was not exactly true, as could have been proven by a letter in the inside pocket of Reddy's blue coat.

Then the well-known official, because he thought he had performed a clever stroke, extended the privileges of the club to Reddy out of gratitude, and said: "Always come in here and sit with us, and bring your friend, too." None of which Reddy did, because he saw things. Also, because it made him angry, and his red face still redder, to have men of that stamp claim friendship with his father, and equality with the Armstrongs of Kentucky.

You see, he had been brought up to consider the horse, next to woman, God's best and noblest gift to man. His earliest recollections were of his father and uncles and other Kentuckians drinking mint-juleps and talking horse in the wide Southern hall. When he was a little white-haired baby, the first word he said was horse. At least, his father thought it was. He had learned to ride before he could walk, and had spent all his boyhood with horses and gentlemen horse-raisers. The family had gone in principally for that ever since his great-grandfather came over the mountains from Virginia for more room and fresh blue-grass. He knew no other sort of boyhood, and he did not know what to think of the boys he met when he first came North to school.

Because he was small, and ugly, and mischievous, and witty, and generous to excess, and quick to think and act, and everything else that red-headed freshmen are expected to be, he was well known and liked in the class, from the first night of the term, when he turned his trustful blue eyes toward the sophomore standing over him in the corner, and said in sweet, sad, Southern tones: "I declare, I'm mighty sorry I can't sing. But that big fellow over there can."

He became well loved, too, by those who got near enough to him to see the good stuff in him. But it did not become deep respect and universal regard until he was an upper classman, and became a well-known orator in Whig Hall. But that was not until after his reformation.

Certain well-meaning members of the class had on more than one occasion knocked at his door and, with kind intent and great lack of tact, besought him to repent of his many sins and turn from his wild career while as yet there was time. The lucky Red had always listened docilly and thoughtfully, and had generally agreed with all the hard things they had said of him. He had thanked them, bowed them from the room in his polite Southern way, and then sent Runt to collect the gang. It was not one of these visits that affected him.

It began one night in the fall of sophomore year. The gang had said good-night. Reddy and Runt had done a little poling, and were now lounging by the open fire, swearing gently at each other as was their wont when they wished to show their affection. They roomed on the campus now.

As Ramsay arose to reach a match from the mantelpiece for his pipe, his foot struck the iron shovel. It fell upon the brick hearth and made a sharp, ringing sound. He did not notice it, but it changed all the world to Reddy.

The ring of the shovel made him stop thinking how he should have played the last hand, and, by some process which has a long psychological name, the whole current of his thought was turned. A certain big, ugly Fact stared him in the face, and made him shiver.

So, saying good-night to Runt, he jumped into bed to sleep off his sour. But this was not an ordinary sour, and he did not close his eyes until daybreak, and then he slept through chapel and two recitations. In consequence, he received a note from the Registrar, stating that the Absence Committee would wait upon him on Wednesday, at noon.

For over a year now this thing had come over him every now and then like a dull ache. He knew that it was all a matter of time before he would have to do something; but he thought he could keep on a while longer, dodging or turning his back upon it. But this time the big black fact seemed to have him in a narrow pass, and at eleven o'clock in the morning, as Mrs. O'Sullivan was pushing the furniture about, and pounding up a dust in the next room, Armstrong sat up in bed, ran his hands through his red hair, and decided to do it before sunset.

He told himself that what it meant was simply the removing of Something which bothered his free enjoyment of life. He was carrying too much weight for so young a horse; that was all.

When Runt Ramsay came in, after luncheon, he found a notice on the tobacco jar, stating that his room-mate had gone to New York on an invitation from his bachelor lawyer cousin, and that, as he was coming back on the "Owl," he expected Runt to put something to eat on the bookcase, and some matches in the matchsafe by the door, as he had none, and it was Runt's turn to buy them anyway. Runt said, "Humph!" and forgot. But, as it happened, it did not matter.

Red went as far as New Brunswick, then stepped off that train and took one for Philadelphia. But he did not stop there. He went on southward until the shadows became long. Then he jumped off and hurried to a place along a country roadside, where a blue ridge looks a certain way when the sun is setting, and where something else was pretty sure to appear if the day were fine and he watched long enough. He knew how this looked, too, and when she reined up, the eyebrows looked surprised in the way he expected; then she cried, "You, Reddy! Good gracious!" just as he knew she would.

He said, "Make Tom walk."

She said, "Is Hunter ill?"

"No."

"What's the matter? Where did you come from? What are you doing here?"

"Looking at you."

"I know that. Hurry up. Say something."

"I have a lot to say. You must listen to all of it, Betty."

Then the boy, whose mouth drooped at the corners, did some pretty hard talking. And the girl, who was small, and had a willful chin, and a great deal of dark brown hair, which the sun knew how to shine on, she also talked.

"You will have to tell me to go away forever."

"I won't."

"Betty, you must."

"Reddy, I can't."

"You don't know me."

"I do."

"I am bad—all bad."

"I don't care."

"I drink."

"Never mind telling me, Reddy——"

"Yes, and I gamble and play the races, and I lie to the governor, and lie to you, and lie to every one, and I——"

"Stop, Reddy."

"That isn't half. Why, when all is told, you will be ashamed that you ever looked into my ugly red face."

"Don't, Reddy; please don't!"

"I'm sorry, but you must hear now. I'm just going to make you see what kind of a fellow I am. Why, I've been deceiving you ever since——"

"No, Reddy; you haven't."

"Haven't what?"

"I know—know all about it."

"You, little girl; you know about me?"

"I've known all along."

"All along! How?"

"All along, Reddy. Never mind how. Don't look down there."

"Betty, see here. Why haven't you sent—sent me away long ago?"

"Because—look up at me, Reddy—I knew that Hunter would bring you around all right; don't be so surprised."

"Suppose—suppose he had not."

"All along, Reddy. Never mind how. Don't look down there"

"But, Reddy, dear Reddy, you have stopped, or else you would not be telling me. While you were that other kind of a Reddy you didn't want me to know. You wouldn't even be angry when I flirted with——"

"Listen to me, Betty. Betty, would you give me up now if I were to tell you that I had not reformed at all, and was only making a clean breast of it?"

"Maybe."

"Would you, Betty? Quick."

"No, Reddy."

"Why?"

"Because."

"Because what?"

"Because—well—I know you would be sure to come round all right some time, because you are Reddy, and I love you, and I pray—oh, so hard for you! I'm not crying."

"Oh, Betty," said the boy.

"Kiss me. No; up here, the way you used to."

"No," said Reddy; "not even the hands." He knelt down in the muddy road.

"You're a sillier Reddy than ever. Get up. Now, Reddy, good-by. You must go." But she reined up again.

She poked her nose down close to his big, blue eyes, and shut her teeth close together, and spoke rapidly. "Do you want to know how I could tell you were bad? The way you looked at me all freshman year. That's the reason I cried, and you called me a silly little thing. Want to know why I would not send you away even if you were still bad? 'Cause you might never come back. Then I'd die. What? I know that? Yes, I know that, too. Of course you are not worthy. Who said you were? There's some mud on your lip, Reddy Armstrong, that came off my riding-boot. Wipe it away. And there's something else there I don't like. It's not a bit nice; it's white and its bristly. Shave it! Do you hear me? How dare you come into my presence with that thing! Go!" But there were big tears in the girl's eyes.

Reddy watched her gallop away into the sunset. Then he turned back, loathing himself, and wondering what a strange thing was the love of a girl.

He had done all he could. He had told her. She knew now. Yet she would not let him go. So far as he could see, the only thing for him to do was to stop short, and make a man of himself, which he did.

But that was not the only thing to be done. What sort of a fellow he had been she might know or make a guess at.

There was one thing she did not know, and never should, if he could help it. In one way it was worse than everything else put together. This would be hard to fix.

Runt was sitting on the floor in a characteristic attitude before the fire when his room-mate came in. His chin rested on his knees, and these he was hugging with both arms. He was in pajamas, and he had doubled the end of the goatskin rug over his bare toes.

"Runt," began Reddy.

"Yep."

Reddy turned out the gas.

"What are you doing?" asked Runt, without looking up.

"Runt, this thing's got to stop."

"What thing's got to stop?"

"The way you and I are carrying on. The life we are leading here."

"What're you talking about?"

"Simply this: You and I, Runt, are two pretty nice fellows, only we're making great big fools of ourselves here at college."

"What's getting into you?"

"I mean it. See here. You and I are going to be lawyers, and in order to do that we must have an education."

"Well?"

"And though we may at this rate get our "dips" at the end, we aren't getting what we should out of our college course. But I don't refer to that so much. It's what we do, not what we don't, that I'm talking about. You and I are going to be lawyers, and we've got to be more or less honest when we become lawyers, merely from a business standpoint, you know. Playing poker and spending a day or two every week at the races are not the proper training for that."

"For Heaven's sake, Red——"

"Get serious, Runt; get serious. I mean all this. I've been doing a lot of thinking. We are getting older now. Life is getting to mean something. We've got to take a brace, you and I. It's getting blamed tiresome to me, anyway, to be pointed out on the campus as 'Lucky Reddy Armstrong.' I want to be known as something serious. I want to be respected as well as liked. You do, too."

"What did you drink at your cousin's club?"

"Cork up! I propose to make myself something better than a clown to be funny for people. I might just as well tell you right now"—Reddy's voice became solemn—"*I have quit the game!*"

There was a pause. Red spread himself out upon the rug and supported his head with an elbow. He unconsciously watched Runt doubling up his toes, and trying to gather goat's hair in them. A cinder fell in the ash-pan.

"How long do you think it will last, Red?"

"Shut up! Don't say that to me. Did I ever talk this way before? This is no 'What a difference in the morning' sour. I'm in dead, dead earnest—for once in *my life* anyway." His voice sounded so. Runt had never heard it shake that way since early in the term, when a big freshman had an impudent notion not to take off his hat to such a short sophomore. "And," he went on vigorously, "it makes very little difference to me whether you believe I mean it or not. I have made up my mind, though, in regard to myself, and I shouldn't be a friend of yours if I did not tell you about it. You can do as you please."

He knew that his influence over Runt was powerful, but he had never tried to exert it in this direction before. So he turned over on his stomach, and stuck his fists under his chin, and puckered up his blue eyes at the red coals. The glow of the fire shone on the red head and on the black one, and neither of them was saying a word.

Presently Red began again. It was in a different tone this time. He did not relish talking in this strain.

"Besides, in your case, there's going home." He kept his eyes on the fire. "It's different with me. The governor has a pretty good idea of what I'm doing here, though I lie to him regularly, and he laughs about it with Uncle Sed. But I have no mother, you know, nor any unmarried sisters to care a rap what becomes of me. But with you—well, you know it's all a big lie the way you act at home; the way you pretend to be so frank with them all, the way you go to prayer meetings, and talk to your father about his sermons, and all that."

This was just about as far as one boy can go with another. Red feared that Runt would stand very little more, even from him. But this was the most important situation he had ever been in. That was the reason he turned and addressed his room-mate by his Christian name.

"Hunter, you are the worst hypocrite I know—next to myself. And I'm going to stop being one. Whether you can do it or not, I can't stand any more of it, going down there in vacations, and being kissed by your mother and believed in by your father, and all the time telling big, long lies about you to—to the others. How can you look in her eyes, Runt, and then make out—oh, if you could have seen the way she looked at me to-day when she said——"

"To-day! Who?"

"Betty."

"Betty? To-day? I thought you—what were you doing in—oh, Red, did Sis put you up to this?"

"No, Runt; no. She thinks you are as good as her own pure self. I went down there—well, I wanted to tell her I had not been square. Listen, Runt: She thinks that you have reformed me. She believes you to be the best man in the world, next to your father. She said: 'I knew Hunter would bring you round all right!' She knew I had been bad, she said, by the way—by the way I acted. But she thinks her brother has been an angel all the time; and you have been as bad as I have, and it's all my own dirty doing. I dragged you with me (Shut up! I did!)—I've been your evil influence ever since we first roomed together at the "prep" school—ever since we dumped the coal on (Shut up!) Mr. Beaman. I am the one that started you on the road to hell, and now I can't stop you——"

"Cork up, Red!" the other at last broke in. He was swallowing hard. So was Reddy.

At first the gang laughed. There was indeed something amusing about it all. But when they saw that the two little Dead Games were in earnest, and looked pathetic when guyed about it, they left off making jocular remarks.

"SIMPLY THIS: YOU AND I, RUNT, ARE TWO PRETTY NICE FELLOWS, ONLY WE'RE MAKING GREAT BIG FOOLS OF OURSELVES HERE AT COLLEGE"

Finally, even the faculty got the idea through their heads. But they are always slow to acknowledge that any good thing can come out of the sporting element, and they continued for a term or two to give the pair fifth groups in their studies, from force of habit, and also occasional invitations to their Friday afternoon stag receptions in college offices. This greatly pained the dignity of the two.

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY

By MADELINE S. BRIDGES

HE STERNLY said, "You're a wicked flirt;
You've encouraged, and then refused
Fully a dozen men I know."
But she only looked amused.

"Now what are you smiling at?" he asked.
"Do you mean that it isn't so?"
"Not quite . . . I was smiling just to think
Of the dozen you didn't know!"

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS' RECEPTION

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

PROFESSOR WALDO RENWICK PHILLIPS occupied the chair of Belles Lettres at Westerly Seminary when I was a student there. It was natural enough, then, that when I learned that in his new rôle of lyceum lecturer he was to fill an engagement in the course at Warrenton, of which I am a native and resident, I should conceive the idea of giving him a little reception at our house after the lecture. I spoke of my plan to Mr. Ford, the President of the High School, and he was much pleased.

All who have had the pleasure of meeting Professor Phillips know what a charming man he is; how courteous, how witty, how thoroughly at his ease under all conditions. In fine, he is just the man to be lionized with pleasure to all concerned. Our house is large and commodious, and I sent out invitations to at least one hundred and fifty of the townspeople. The list included not only those of marked literary inclinations, but about everybody who is anybody in Warrenton. With mother's help I prepared a supper, and I engaged Aunt Sally to make coffee. Aunt Sally is an ex-slave whose coffee is a foretaste of eternal bliss.

The lecture was a great success. The subject was The Influence of Tennyson upon the Other Victorian Poets, and as I am an ardent lover of Tennyson I regretted exceedingly my inability to attend the lecture myself, but there were a hundred last touches to make in the preparations for Professor Phillips' reception, and so mother and I stayed at home. I am so absent-minded that I don't know what I should have done had it not been for mother's help.

At a little after ten the guests began to arrive, and as most of them came directly from the hall it was not long before they were all present. By half-past ten we began to wonder why Professor Phillips had not come. It was probably due to my lack of forethought. Mr. Ford was to have acted as his escort, but he had been called out of town that afternoon, and I had neglected to appoint any one to act in his place. However, our house is known to all in Warrenton, and the Professor would doubtless arrive in a few minutes. He might have gone to his hotel to refresh himself and prepare for his lionizing.

My friends wandered around the parlors discussing the lecture and the personality of the great man they had heard, and so my reception, had it been merely an "at home," would have been voted a triumphant success. But as it was, there was a slight feeling of restlessness—a wish that what was going to happen would happen soon—and when eleven o'clock came and still no Professor Phillips, Captain Honesdale volunteered to go to the hotel.

Warrenton people are early birds, and a good many of the older ones were plainly meditating flight, and that, too, before supper. So mother suggested that I have supper at once, and when Professor Phillips arrived they would be in a good mood. This plan was carried out, and our guests were soon passing encomiums upon Aunt Sally's coffee and mother's cake.

At eleven a dozen people had excused themselves regretfully, and a few minutes later Captain Honesdale came back and, true to his calling, exploded a bombshell at out feet: "Professor Phillips has gone home. He took the ten-thirty train for Boston!"

I could scarcely credit my ears or the Captain's tongue. For Waldo Renwick Phillips to do so rude a thing was simply inconceivable. Had he been some foreign notability I should have laid it to a lack of breeding, to a sudden shyness, to a hundred causes; but Professor Phillips, the urbane man of the world, to flee from a social function to which he had been invited!

"Heavens!" I shrieked, and turned as pale as a sheet. Several rushed up to me, thinking I was going to faint, but I waved them aside.

"I didn't invite him! I forgot to!" I finally managed to say weakly.

"What?" shouted nearly every one in the room.

"It's just my absent-mindedness. I was so taken up with the brilliancy of the idea of having him, and afterward with the preparations, that I never once thought to write and ask him."

"Eleanor Sargent!" said mother.

"But," said Captain Honesdale, after a pause, "when he didn't write to you, didn't you think that queer?"

I shook my head sadly. "More absent-mindedness. I never thought until this minute that he hadn't replied."

And then I burst into tears.

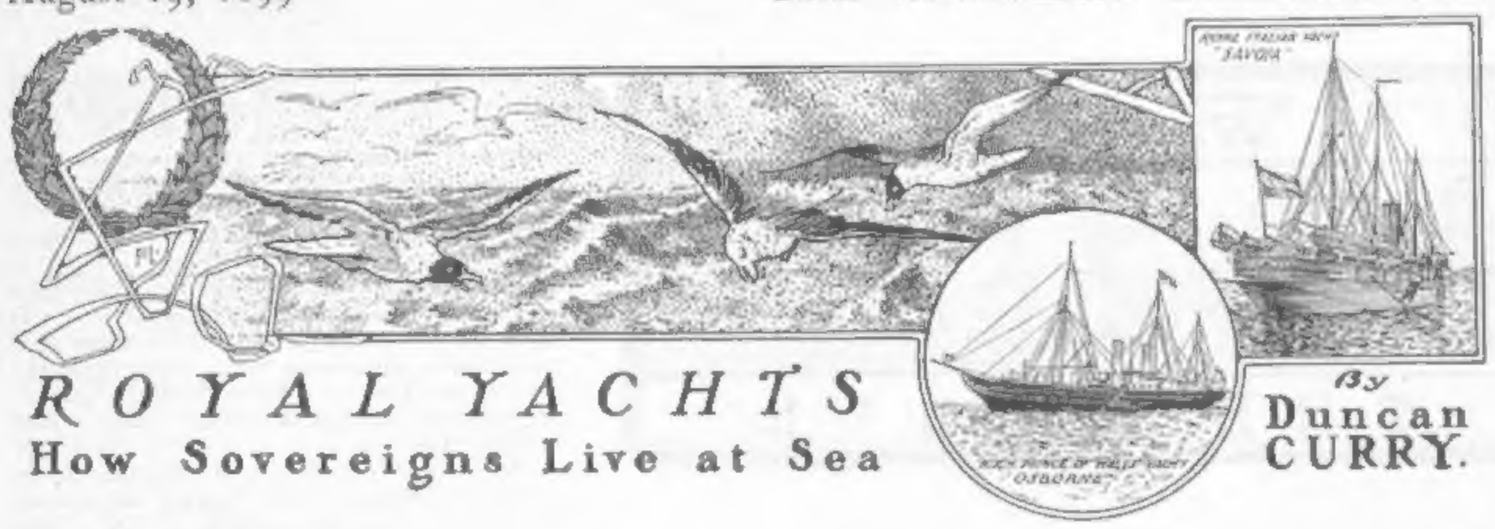
My guests made the best they could of it, and as it was really awfully late for Warrenton, they all left in a body, avowing that they had had a perfectly delightful time.

Two days later I received the following letter:

"No. — Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts,
"MARCH 3, 189–.

"*My Dear Miss Sargent:* I want to tell you what a great disappointment it was to me not to see you in the audience the other night. I was told that you were preparing for a social function at your house, and I readily understood, but for the sake of old times and because you were always a favorite pupil of mine I think I should have strained a point and come to your 'party' had I not had to take the ten-thirty in order to reach Boston this morning. Should I ever again have the happiness of lecturing before your appreciative townspeople I shall do myself the pleasure of seeking you out if you don't come to see (I won't say hear) me.

"Yours most cordially,
"WALDO RENWICK PHILLIPS."



ROYAL YACHTS

How Sovereigns Live at Sea

By Duncan CURRY.

THE layman who has seen and admired the symmetrical lines of Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan's Corsair, flagship of the New York Yacht Club; W. K. Vanderbilt's Valiant, Colonel Payne's Aphrodite, Eugene Higgins' Varuna, Howard Gould's Niagara, and the two big steamers, Nahma and Mayflower, built for Messrs. Robert and Ogden Goelet respectively, both of whom have since died, can conceive of no more magnificent or handsomely appointed yachts than these, all of which, with the exception of the Mayflower, which has been sold to the Government, carry the burgee of the New York Yacht Club.

Several of these yachts are superior, in model, appointments and speed, to the ocean liner of a few years ago. When it is stated on good authority that the expense of running Commodore Morgan's new Corsair for a season will exceed $75,000, the magnitude of expenditure for keeping up a big steam yacht can be appreciated.

Beautiful and luxurious as these craft are, they are comparatively insignificant when compared to the sumptuously appointed yachts that bear the Royal yachtsmen of Europe on their leisurely cruises along the blue Mediterranean, the stormy North Sea, or the broad Atlantic.

THE COSTLIEST YACHT IN THE WORLD

The number of Royal yachts owned by Queen Victoria, that are now in commission, is four. All of them are old-timers of the side-wheel type, and when compared to the up-to-date yacht are slow, obsolete and awkward. The Victoria and Albert is the Queen's favorite craft, and on board of this ship she used to make her annual winter voyages to Cannes. The yacht is 300 feet long and very broad of beam; she has a draught of sixteen feet, and a speed of sixteen and eight-tenths nautical miles. She was built in 1854, but has been overhauled many times, and, considering her age, is still in good condition. Her armament consists of two six-pounder smooth-bore guns, and her total complement is 151 men.

The new Victoria and Albert, which was successfully launched on May 9 and christened by the Duchess of York, will, when completed, be the largest and most costly yacht in the world, as well as one of the most elaborate as to fittings, equipment and decorations. She was built at the Pembroke shipyards, and will be ready for service early next summer. Work on her was begun on October 25, 1897, and the first keelplate was laid with elaborate ceremony, on December 23 of the same year, by Mrs. Watson, wife of Burgess Watson, Superintendent of the yard. She was designed by Sir William White, who also superintended her construction. She is of steel, sheathed with teak, outside of which she is coppered to the deck-line.

Comfort has not been sacrificed for extreme speed, but her machinery is sufficiently powerful to drive her at a sustained speed of seventeen knots in fair weather at sea, with an extreme speed of twenty knots on the measured-mile trial extending over eight hours. She has a coal-carrying capacity sufficient to steam 3000 knots.

The length of the new yacht is 380 feet between perpendiculars, 439 feet over all; her beam is fifty feet, and her mean draught eighteen feet. She will be equipped with twin screws, which will be driven by two inverted vertical cylinder engines, each having four cylinders and installed in separate water-tight compartments. Her indicated horse-power is 11,000, and steam will be supplied by eighteen water-tube boilers. The State deck of the new yacht is ten feet above the load-water line, and between it and the bridge deck are situated the Royal suite, the apartments for the Royal family, the various cabins assigned to their various suites, and the staterooms of the commanding officer and the principal naval officers attached to the vessel.

THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS

Her Majesty's apartments are similar in general arrangement to those on the present Victoria and Albert, and occupy the entire deck amidships, where the motion in a seaway would be the minimum. The suites for the Royal family are arranged aft of those occupied by the Queen, and extend a considerable distance over the State or promenade deck. Abaft of these are the rooms set aside for the Royal suite. More than half of the entire length of the ship is occupied by these various apartments, which are arranged on either side of a corridor running fore and aft, with convenient staircases leading to the upper deck.

On the after part of the upper deck is the large saloon or State dining-room, which will accommodate more than fifty people, and still farther aft are reception, lounging and smoking rooms. The top of this saloon or pavilion forms a promenade level with the forward bridge deck, and the main deck is reached by a grand staircase that leads direct from the forward part of the saloon to the principal passageway. An elevator, running from the main deck to the promenade, passes through the Royal apartments, and will be for the exclusive use of Her Majesty and immediate family.

The cabins for the Royal servants and the servants of the suite are arranged on the lower deck, and occupy the entire room from the engine space to the stern. The Royal galley, pantries and cupboards are also on this deck, and are connected by dumb waiters to the dining-rooms above. The officers and crew occupy the forward part of the ship on the lower State deck. The yacht will be rigged out with three pole masts, a short pole bowsprit, and sufficient fore and aft sail to steady her in a seaway. She will have two funnels, and carry eight boats or davits in addition to the usual life-rafts that will be stowed on deck.

ROYAL YACHTS ENROLLED IN THE NAVY

Like the German and Russian Royal yachts, the Victoria and Albert will be enrolled in the Royal Navy and will be commanded by an officer who has attained flag rank. The present commander of the Royal yacht is Admiral Fullerton, and it is probable that to him will be offered the command of the new craft. He is a great favorite with the Queen, and comes in for considerable personal notice and attention from the Sovereign. He has had charge of the Victoria and Albert for more than a dozen years.

There has been a yacht at the disposal of Great Britain's rulers since 1817. The first craft to fly the ensign was the Royal George, a wooden sailing vessel of 360 tons, 103 feet long and twenty-six and one-half feet beam. She was in her heyday when the century was young, and was considered, at that period of semi-darkness in naval architecture, one of the most magnificent vessels ever launched. Her accommodations were, of course, meagre as compared with the palaces of the present day, and her much-lauded "mahogany cabin doors, windows of plate glass, and gilded ornaments and devices in various parts" would appear shabby indeed alongside of one of the latest products of the brain of a *fin de siècle* naval architect.

THE OLDEST YACHT AFLOAT

The Royal George was built at Deptford eighty-two years ago, and is still afloat in Portsmouth Harbor. Next to the Victory and St. Vincent, each of which made history when the century was in its teens, the Royal George is the oldest vessel in that historic harbor. She is unquestionably the oldest yacht afloat to-day. In 1821 she bore the Prince Regent to Scotland on the event of his State visit to the north, and in 1842 she was again used for a similar purpose by the Queen and Prince Consort. On this latter trip, however, she was too old to be trusted under her own power, and she was towed from Woolwich to Aberledg Bay, where the Royal party boarded the yacht.

A year later the Royal George was replaced by the first Victoria and Albert, a wooden side-wheel steamer 198 feet in length and thirty-three feet beam. This yacht was used by the Queen until the year 1855, when the present Victoria and Albert was built. She is also a side-wheeler, of 2470 tons, 338 feet over all, 300 feet between perpendiculars, and of forty feet beam. When she was launched she was considered a vessel of exceptional proportions and very high speed; but the pace in naval architecture has been a fast one in the last twenty-five years, and despite the installation of an electric plant and other improvements, the craft to-day is unworthy to be called the Royal yacht, and presents but a sorry spectacle alongside the Kaiser's big white yacht that is, indeed, more of a warship than a pleasure craft.

Of the other Royal yachts, the Osborne is used principally by the Prince of Wales, and is the second favorite of the Queen. The Osborne is also of wood, has two funnels, and in general appearance is identical with the steamers of fifty years ago. She is 250 feet long, has a displacement of 1850 tons, a draught of fourteen feet, engines of 3360 horse-power, and a speed of thirteen knots in smooth water. She was built in 1870. Despite the age of the Osborne, she is one of the most comfortable and luxurious yachts in English waters. She has always been kept in first-class condition, and there is no reason why she should not remain serviceable for many years. The Alberta is of the same type, but much smaller; she is of only 160 tons displacement, and has a speed of a trifle over twelve knots. The Elfin was laid down in 1848, and is the oldest of the quartette. She is a wooden ship 103 feet long, with a maximum draught of seven feet.

In addition to these steam vessels, the Prince of Wales has given a goodly amount of attention to sailing vessels, and the big cutter Meteor, which has won many prizes under his racing flag, is to-day believed by many Englishmen to be the most speedy yacht in European waters.

AN EX-EMPRESS WHO LOVES YACHTING

The handsome steam yacht Thistle, which flies the private signal of the ex-Empress Eugenie, may also be styled a Royal yacht. The Thistle is more modern than any of the four craft that belong to England's Queen, although she is somewhat smaller. The Empress has displayed a great deal of taste in decorating the interior of her craft, and, as she is passionately fond of yachting, it goes without saying that she enjoys every minute on board the well-appointed craft. The interior decorations of the Thistle are almost exclusively of light-colored woods, and the upholstery and hangings are most elaborate. Each season the craft is overhauled by a corps of artists and designers with the object of obtaining new and novel effects in the draperies and arrangements. These alterations are submitted in sketches to Eugenie, who either vetoes or approves. A grand organ with a novel arrangement of pipes forms a striking feature of the decorative effect of the main saloon. Eugenie is seldom alone on board of her yacht, but entertains her nieces at short intervals. Princess Beatrice is her most frequent companion.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S PLEASURE CRUISER

The Hohenzollern, the Imperial yacht of the Emperor of Germany, is a magnificent craft, and William makes long voyages in her to the western coast of the Scandinavian Peninsula and down the English Channel for an occasional visit to his grandmother. The Hohenzollern was at the Kiel celebration, and was the most admired of the entire fleet of vessels there, except, perhaps, the New York and Columbia of the United States Navy.

The yacht is up to date in every particular. Her keel was laid in 1891, and the craft was completed two years later. Her length is the same as that of the cruiser New York, 380 feet over all; her other dimensions are: forty-six feet beam, sixteen feet draught, and 4187 tons displacement. Her engines are about equal to those of the New York, and she has been credited with a maximum speed of twenty-two knots. That she is a fighting craft as well as a cruiser is shown by her battery, which contains three four-inch guns and twelve four-pounders. Her complement of men when cruising is 307.

In the interior fittings of the Hohenzollern the young Emperor has carried out his well-known military ideas of simplicity, and, with the exception of the main saloon amidships, the craft gives the impression of the scrupulously neat man-of-war.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE GRAND SALOON

The Emperor's suite, which is aft of the main saloon, is almost devoid of the hangings that are unconsciously associated with Royalty. The apartments are not lacking in artistic effect, however, as the youthful ruler is himself an artist of recognized ability. The result is obtained by rare woods, paneled and inlaid by the most skillful artisans that could be found in his domains. The guest-rooms are equally handsome, each one perfect in its simple elegance. The same decorative theme prevails in the officers' quarters, wardroom, and crew's quarters. All has been arranged by a martinet, who is himself a soldier and gives his subjects the best of everything that can be procured in the way of necessities, but no luxuries.

The grand saloon alone is fitted up in a manner that is associated with the lavish magnificence of the pleasure craft of a great ruler. This apartment is forty feet wide and nearly seventy feet in length. The color scheme is white and gold, and on the walls are several rare paintings of military and naval subjects. At the forward end of the saloon are full-length portraits of the Kaiser's father and mother, and a bust of his illustrious grandfather, William I, beams benignly from the centre of the starboard wall. An Oriental rug of green and gold, said to be the most valuable in all Europe, covers the polished floor.

The gilded divans and chairs, hundreds of electric lights softened by amber globes, and soft cushions strewn about in profusion make the saloon seem utterly at variance with the rest of the ship. An incongruity that jars upon some persons is the guard of two sailors, who, with drawn cutlasses, stand night and day at the passageway to the Emperor's suite. The Emperor often makes his voyages with no companions except those of his Royal suite, but his brother, Prince Henry, of Prussia, who is very fond of yachting, is at times his congenial shipmate.

Emperor William, in addition to his magnificent yacht, owns the first Meteor, which is remembered as the cutter Thistle that made an unsuccessful bid for the America's Cup some years ago; a modern cutter, also named Thistle, designed by Watson to lower the colors of the noted Britannia, and the big steel schooner Yampa, one of the finest vessels of that type afloat, which he purchased from the late Richard Suydam Palmer, N. Y. C. C. The Yampa was an American vessel, designed by A. Cary Smith, of New York.

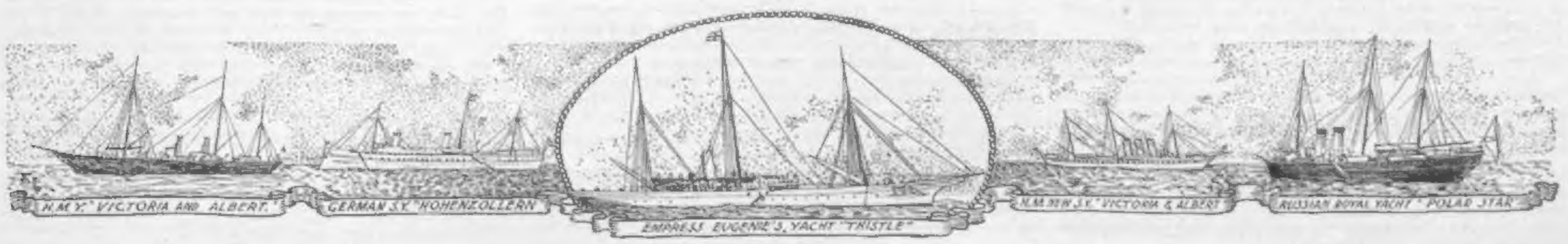
THE PLEASURE NAVY OF THE CZAR

Russia holds the proud distinction of supporting more Royal yachts than any other Government in the world. The naval list shows that the Czar has at least five, as well as a still greater number of launches, which are designated as Royal dispatch boats. Many of this latter class are old and of no value, but the latest addition to the fleet of Royal pleasure boats, the Standart, is by far the finest vessel of her type afloat. She is more powerful than the Hohenzollern, and carries a heavier armament than any other Royal yacht in the world.

Unlike the Hohenzollern, the Standart's interior is a dream of luxurious splendor that almost rivals the palace of Aladdin. Under her awnings the Czar of all the Russias entertains his guests in truly Royal fashion. She is commanded by a full Admiral of the Royal Navy, and carries a crew of 760 men.

The Czar's favorite suite of apartments is on the upper deck, and consists of eight rooms directly under the immense bridge. The forward room is the lounging-room, and is furnished with the finest tapestries and weaves that ever left the looms of the Orient. The Czar's commissioners traveled throughout the world and gathered articles of vertu, rare hangings, quaint carvings, and, in fact, everything that could possibly prove of value in the decoration of the Royal yacht. The best of these treasures were selected for this lounging apartment.

Its mirrors are framed in native gold, studded with precious stones; the divans and tables are gilded; the walls and ceilings are burnished and lacquered.


H.M.Y. "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."
GERMAN S.Y. "HOHENZOLLERN"
EMPRESS EUGENIE'S YACHT "THISTLE"
H.M. NEW S.Y. "VICTORIA & ALBERT"
RUSSIAN ROYAL YACHT "POLAR STAR"

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

What Lady Somerset Learned from a Cripple

Lady Henry Somerset is always a prominent figure at the meetings of the International Council of Women, especially when they are held in London. On such occasions her place, the Priory, is thrown open to the American delegates and their friends. It was at a tea in the Priory during the latest London meeting of the Council that Lady Henry told how she came to devote a large part of her life to slum work among the children. Lady Henry, by the way, is almost as well known in this line of effort as she is in Women's clubs and British temperance work.

"It was this way," she said. "I was moved in that direction by the rare patience and imagination of one little boy. His example convinced me that patience was one of the qualities I needed most, and in seeking it I grew into that work. I was in a hospital on visiting-day while the doctors were changing a plaster cast which held a crippled boy's limb. The operation was exceedingly painful, I was told, yet to my surprise the little sufferer neither stirred nor winced, but made a curious buzzing sound with his mouth. After the doctors left I said to him:

"'How could you possibly stand it?'

"'That's nothin',' he answered; 'why, I just made believe that a bee was stingin' me. Bees don't hurt very much, you know. And I kept buzzin' because I was afraid I'd forget about it's being a bee if I didn't.'"

A Fee that Meant Millions

Even more romantic than the career of Senator W. A. Clarke, the "Copper King" of Montana, is the rise of United States Senator George L. Turner, of Washington. A few years ago Mr. Turner was a political power in his State, and while he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Senate he still had influence enough to defeat the reëlection of Senator Allen, and for two years Washington was represented in the National Capitol by one Senator only. Shortly after this struggle Mr. Turner lost his fortune, and the future looked black indeed. About this time a party of miners came into his law office. They had struck a lead up in British America, near Victoria, and wanted some law papers made out.

"We can't pay you cash for 'em, George," said one of the party, "but we'll give you some stock and call it square."

"I don't want the stock, boys," returned Turner; "we've known each other for some time and I'll do the work for nothing."

"No, siree," replied the leader; "we pay as we go," and his comrades nodded approval.

"Well, you keep your stock and pay me cash when you get it."

"We'd ruther give you the stock, George," urged the miner, and to please them Turner took the certificates and tucked them away in his safe. During their stay in town the prospectors put up at a miners' hotel, and paid out more of the certificates over the bar for liquor, which the host unwillingly received.

That was two years ago. To-day Senator Turner is a millionaire through those same mining stocks, the hotel-keeper is out of business and is living on his money, and the mine is the famous Le Roy, one of the richest in the West.

Talmage's Grievance Against Compositors

Probably no American preacher has had his sermons more faithfully reported and more widely published than Dr. DeWitt Talmage, who has recently left his Washington pastorate to devote his whole time to writing and lecturing. Doctor Talmage believes the press is mightier than the pulpit, and is a most congenial companion when among newspaper men.

"Many years ago, when my sermons first attracted the attention of city editors," said Doctor Talmage in a recent conversation, "you reporters used to make me fume and fret, but since I have come to know you better I have transferred much of my wrath to your adversary, the compositor. My eyes were opened when, after annoying blunders in print, I determined to report my own sermons for a certain New York morning paper. It chanced that the first time I reported myself I was preaching a sermon on the Penitential Psalms, in which sermon I said with emphasis:

"'You will notice that in these verses the name of God does not appear once. Is not this significant?'

"Calm and confident that this time the sense of my sermon would not be distorted by careless reporting, I picked up the paper on Monday morning and read:

"'You will notice that in these verses the name of God does not appear once. Is not this magnificent?'"

Prinking for the Portrait Painter

"One of the most difficult tasks of a portrait painter," says William M. Chase, the eminent artist, "is to keep his sitter in a natural pose. It is the man whose likeness we want—the real man. Some persons do not realize this, and often a subject will change his appearance as far as possible before going to a studio. He will dress himself in an unusual costume. He puts on his best clothes and his company manners. "I remember once being commissioned to paint the portrait of a very distinguished New Yorker. He was a General and had been a statesman of national fame. As I knew him, he was an ideal subject for a painter. His head was leonine. His hair was snow white, and his complexion was pink.

"The first day that he came to my studio he was alone, and I made a very satisfactory beginning. The next visit his daughters came with him, and I noticed that they did not view my work with much enthusiasm. I had made their father look too old, they said. The next time, I hardly knew the General. He looked ten years younger. His shoulders were square and his cheeks were round and plump.

"'There!' said the youngest daughter complacently. 'We want you to paint father as he is now.'

"'What have you done with him?' I asked.

"The young woman drew me aside and said: 'We have put "plumpers" in his cheeks (you know how hollow they were!), and we have had the tailor pad his shoulders. Don't you think he looks better?'

"I'm afraid I didn't tell her exactly what I did think."

The Man of the Hour in South Africa

Sir Alfred Milner, K. C. B., G. C. M. G., Governor of Cape Colony, and Her Majesty's High Commissioner to the Bloemfontein Conference with President Kruger, of the Transvaal Republic, is one of the most talked-about men in Europe to-day. His mission to "Oom Paul," while abortive, indicates a new policy on the part of Great Britain, and it is the general belief that it could have been intrusted to no better man than the young South African administrator.

Sir Alfred has won his way to his present post by persistent hard work, begun in old Balliol under Doctor

SIR ALFRED MILNER

Jowett and in company with Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. H. H. Asquith. New College, Oxford, elected him to a Fellowship in 1881, but the future Commissioner resigned it and entered journalism on the staff of the Pall Mall Gazette, under Mr. Stead. From the editorial desk he went into politics, first as a candidate for Parliament as a Radical, and later on as Mr. Goschen's private secretary. He served in the finance department at home and in Egypt, under Mr. Goschen and Lord Cromer. He made budgets under Sir William Harcourt and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Then came his appointment to South Africa in which he has won his chief fame.

A good interviewer Sir Alfred makes. His newspaper training helps him there. He has learned both sides of the art. He can talk without saying anything, and interrogate without asking questions. He is imperturbable, unemotional and insinuating. He accomplishes many things without working apparently. He never seems to be busy. Yet he is in his office twelve hours of the day, and in his study till midnight.

In appearance he is slender, active and dark. His hair is beginning to show the silver threads of age, but his face is that of a college boy, fresh and clear.

Who's Who, the British Commoner's "Burke," puts him down as having no special recreation save work. But this is a slander. He is a tennis player of note.

Took His Cheeks Instead of His Scalp

General Guy V. Henry, late Commander of the United States forces in Porto Rico, will carry to his grave the scars of a terrible and nearly fatal wound which was inflicted by the savages in the great Sioux uprising of 1873. The General was slashed in the face by a knife, and the first impression is that he has lost his cheeks. Shortly after his arrival in Porto Rico a native cocoanut peddler made bold to ask him, while counting out his change, how he came to lose his cheeks.

The General smiled and replied: "When I was fighting the Indians in my country I was wounded and fell from my horse. The savages didn't think much of my scalp, and so, by way of compromise, they took my cheeks."

Mrs. Henry is in this country interesting her countrywomen in the work of the Colonial Aid Society, of which she is President. During her husband's official term in our new possession she started many classes for young girls and boys in the study of American history. In one of these classes there was a young girl who had studied just enough of our early annals to misunderstand the subject thoroughly. On a particular day the talk was upon the early patriots and their wives, and the teacher eloquently held forth upon the virtues of Hannah Adams, Abigail Adams, Miriam Otis, Martha Washington, and others of like fame.

"Oh! yes," spoke up the girl, who knew all about America, "they were great women. They came from Massachusetts, didn't they, where they burn witches, and it was because of this that George Washington started the Revolution in Virginia, and had the Declaration of Independence signed in Philadelphia?"

How Stanton's Poetry Affected the Rats

Frank L. Stanton, the well-known writer of verse, is the wonder and amazement of everybody who has followed his work. Not long ago Mr. Stanton had completed his work and was about to leave the office when he discovered that the three poems that were to constitute part of the column fitted well with the details of a Northern publisher's request. Taking them out from the copy which was ready to go to the composing room, he mailed them North, and in less than a half hour had written three substitutes, all of which were copied with unusual frequency.

Some of the poet's negligence is shown in the way he preserves his work. The poems are cut out of the Constitution and put into cloth bags. Recently when he was getting ready his new book, Comes One With a Song, he went to these bags and found that the rats had gnawed in and had a "feast of reason."

The experience, however, has given rise to the belief among Mr. Stanton's associates that since then the rats in Atlanta show a strange deformity—all having two short feet and one long foot—the anapest being not infrequent in the poet's work.

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Why Bishops Do Not Strike.—Bishop Potter has long done eminent work among the labor unions of New York, and has aided in averting and settling many strikes. Once, in talking with a committee of strikers in regard to some settlement, he remarked incidentally, "It is well that clergymen don't go on a strike."

One of his callers, an East-Side walking delegate, answered, "They would if they worked by the day, but they work by the job."

A Baffling Detail.—Johannes Gelert, the New York sculptor, was in his studio one day when a man and woman called. They were apparently a well-to-do farmer and his wife, who were making their first tour in the world of art. The sculptor explained to them the mysteries of modeling and casting. At the end the man said: "I think I understand it pretty well now, but there is still one thing that puzzles me."

"What is it?" asked the artist.

"I understand how a statue is in the piece of marble that you buy, but how do you cut away the stuff which is around it?"

Lieutenant Neville's Nerve.—That war develops the imagination even of the most fearless is known to every old soldier. A marine, who served at Guantanamo under Lieutenant Teddy Neville, of the Marine Corps, says:

"There wasn't a braver man in the Navy than Neville. I have known him to play the mandolin and sing love songs when by so doing he made himself a target for Spanish guerillas. We had been fighting sharpshooters for several days in the chaparral and were completely fagged out. I was on guard, and was visited by the Lieutenant who was going the rounds of the pickets. We were talking in whispers when we heard a noise in the underbrush like that of men crawling toward us. I challenged, and as there came no answer I fired and fell back. There was silence for a few minutes, and then several of our pickets heard the same noise, and again there was firing. This went on until dawn. When the sun came up the mysterious foe were plainly visible. They were a flock of wild goats that had been driven out by the Spaniards and wanted to get into a place of safety near our camp."

Director Merriam as a Horseman.—The recent appointment of ex-Governor William R. Merriam, of Minnesota, to the Directorship of the Twelfth National Census, may be called another victory for the American trotting horse. Mr. Merriam has long borne the same high reputation in the world of horse lovers as the late Robert Bonner, of New York. Among the famous horses which he has owned have been the gelding Silverton, Reina, Adelaide, A. V. Pantalind, Belle F., and Phœbe Wilkes. He was one of the first to oppose the theory that fleet horses could not be raised in the far Northern States, and also to prove his theories by actual practice.

An Evarts Soliloquy.—William M. Evarts has been an invalid several years, and, though but a shadow of his former self, still retains much of his quaint, dry humor. Not long ago he was being dressed. During a pause in the operation he looked at his emaciated frame and remarked quietly:

"Just about one-half of myself. I wonder if the other half presents such a sorry appearance."

Miss Proctor's Youthful Critics.—Miss Mary Proctor, the astronomer and lecturer, takes a deep interest in social settlement work in the big cities, and frequently gives her personal services toward entertaining poor children and adults. Generally her lectures are very well received. Many of her audiences often manifest better attention than those drawn from higher circles. Now and then there are exceptions.

On one occasion a bright-eyed little boy, who sat in the front row with his eyes fixed upon the speaker, was asked how he liked it.

"I guess," he said, "it was pretty good, but she ought to talk about lions and tigers. That's better for everybody."

At another lecture a youngster criticised her as follows:

"It's all very well to talk of weighing and measuring stars. There are some people, of course, who believe that sort of thing, but if she thinks she can fool us boys with such fairy tales she's very much mistaken."

PUBLICK OCCURRENCES

That are Making HISTORY

Mr. Bryan's Ideas on Our Policy in the Philippines

It is assured that the Philippines will play an important part in the coming Presidential election. The reply of the Administration and its friends to demands that this country withdraw from its Eastern complications is that the critics must first show the way out. The meeting of the Democratic National Committee in Chicago served to announce the policy of the Democratic leaders.

Mr. William J. Bryan, in a speech which raised great enthusiasm, declared that "if the terms made to Cuba had been made to the Philippines not one drop of blood would have been shed in the Philippine Islands." After that he declared, "I repeat that we must deal with these people according to American principles. They desire their independence. Let us say to them as we said to Cuba: Stand up and be free, and to all the world say, Hands off, and let every Republic live." He said that according to the Declaration of Independence we have no right to acquire title by conquest.

Coincident with this the State Department has announced on the authority of the Philippine Commission that municipal government has been established in several important towns, and that the people are willing to be governed by the Americans.

The Home-Coming of Admiral Dewey and the Increasing Enthusiasm of the Nation

Admiral Dewey is fulfilling his promise to loiter along home as quietly as possible. Never was a hero more strongly opposed to the plaudits which go with heroism.

In his many letters to some of the innumerable invitations which have reached him by mail, by wire and by person, he has always expressed his desire to escape anything like ovations; and while he has promised the people of his own State, and some old comrades whose importunities he could not be deaf to, to be their guest, he has very skillfully left in each letter a convenient loophole from which to escape when the time comes, if he desires to do so. There is no question that the whole Nation would, if it could, meet him at the wharf, shake him by the hand, and carry him to his hotel on its shoulders. As he draws nearer home the feeling of enthusiasm grows more intense day by day.

Retiring Annuities for Teachers in Small Cities

Massachusetts now has two associations for providing annuities for retired public school teachers—one for Boston teachers only, the other and the youngest for the teachers in the cities and towns. The last is believed to be the only guild organized by the union of small cities and towns.

Though scarcely six years old, the Teachers' Annuity Guild has a permanent fund of over $51,000 and an annuity fund exceeding $10,000. Last year the receipts aggregated more than $13,000 and the annuities nearly $9400. The annuity fund receives eighty per cent. of the income of the permanent fund at present.

It is provided that annuities shall be sixty per cent. of the annual salary at the time of retirement, with a limit of $600. The present assessment is one per cent. of annual salary, with a limit of $20 per annum, which it is proposed to reduce to $10.

A similar plan has been adopted in a number of large cities in the country; but the Teachers' Annuity Guild may be taken as a model for a combination of small places that individually would be unable to do anything to aid teachers worn out in the public service.

A One Hundred and Fifty Million Dollar Steel Contract

In July the largest contract ever made for steel was closed between the Pressed Steel Car Company and the Carnegie Steel Company. The amount was $150,000,000, calling for 1000 tons of steel plates a day for the next ten years, or 3,600,000 tons in all.

The iron and steel boom has gone far beyond all previous records. No better illustration could be found for the wonderful increase in this great industry than the fact that fifty years ago the consumption of pig iron was equivalent to 100 tons per head of population, while now it is over 400, and is growing all the time.

It was pointed out years ago that the price of pig iron largely regulated the country's prosperity, and Mr. G. H. Hull has recently shown in an article that the periods of pig iron and good times generally come at intervals of about ten years. The last one was 1889, and the present year is keeping up the record.

The Policy of Fooling the Nation While War is Going On

We made a great deal of fun of Weyler and Blanco when with their typewriters they wrought victories never achieved by arms; but recently our jests have come home to roost, for it is practically admitted that the official representations of operations in the Philippines have been unduly optimistic. So severe was the censorship that the eleven correspondents representing the leading newspapers and the press associations of the world joined in a "round robin" to General Otis, and, failing to reach their ends, sent their statement from Manila over to Hongkong, whence it was cabled to the world.

After giving the reasons why they did not desire to participate in the misrepresentations, they closed with the following summary:

> SPECIFICATIONS: Prohibition of hospital reports; suppression of full reports of field operations in the event of failure; numbers of heat prostrations in the field; systematic minimization of naval operations, and suppression of complete reports of the situation.

In the operations around Santiago a "round robin," although it made some people unhappy, cleared the air and led to the quick solution of a desperate situation. In a different way, but none the less effectively, this second "round robin" reached its purpose, and the wisdom of letting the people know the truth was illustrated anew. In the business of war, soldiers hold that it is often necessary to distort facts, but a long-continued policy of suppression or exaggeration generally leads to serious and often damaging reaction. In the present instance, while the action of the correspondents received no official recognition, it practically accomplished its purpose.

The Campaign Issues of 1900

From a Republican Standpoint

In a long lecture tour during the last six months I have traveled extensively through the West, somewhat less in the South, and lately through all the New England States, and have had unusual opportunities of conversation with people of all classes and of all opinions.

I do not think that the money question is by any means a settled issue. Republicans generally would like to have it so, and may ignore it, particularly if they have the first convention. But neither the Silver party, the Populists nor the Chicago platform Democracy will let that issue die out. It is true that the influx of gold has been abundant, and has given great satisfaction to the straightforward, out-and-out gold standard advocates. Yet nobody else feels assured that there is yet gold enough for the world's entire use.

The Democratic issue, or even the combination issue, may not press the old figures of sixteen-to-one, but they will claim fair play for silver; because, right or wrong, the ordinary common people of the country have a fixed belief that silver untrammeled can somehow relieve all that stringency which the single gold standard is supposed to have produced.

The Republicans promised to do all in their power to secure the old common recognition of both gold and silver by other nations. The Administration carried out its promise, but its commission to Europe failed in its accomplishment. There is little question but that there will be a strong restatement of these monetary contentions in the new Democratic platform. And should the Democratic convention get the start, the Republican may be forced to take the bona-fide single gold standard. We shall see.

GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

The Spanish war was justified by more than nine-tenths of the people. Party lines were soon forgotten. I do not believe that the few malcontents and extreme peace men can muster force enough to produce any sensible effect, or be able to introduce a plank into an opposing platform which shall condemn the Republican party for this war. In fact, the Democratic convention, whatever may be its complexion, will justify the war, and in the main recognize the magnificent record of both the Army and the Navy.

There was deliberate action on the part of political leaders of the Democracy to secure an issue against the Republican Administration, which did not, however, involve the intervention, the honor of the Army and Navy during the struggle, or the splendid treaty which was consequent upon the conflict. This deliberate action showed itself first in the imputation of Imperialism, second in the cry of misconduct of parties in the War Department causing sickness in the camps, the issuing of improper rations, and the making, especially in the Staff, of bad political appointments.

This entire matter is still talked of with much sorrow and hundreds of thousands believe that somebody is responsible for the sickness and loss of life from it, occurring far beyond any presumable necessity. In spite of this complaining, I find but few persons who blame the President himself.

Probably the political appointments, the "meat question," and other complaints will secure a plank in the new opposition platform, to the effect that had the Democrats been in power the Army and Navy would have been organized better, and the work would have been done with less loss and with more satisfaction to the people of the land. Such a plank, however, would be weak, for the answer can be made at once and with truth that the war, even including the Philippine outbreak, has thus far been a success, and such a success as has never before been witnessed in the history of the world.

We come now to speak of a matter that will surely divide our people. It is what is called Imperialism, and involves an expansion of territory beyond the old limits. To be consistent, the anti-expansionists will be obliged to oppose the retention of anything more than coaling stations in Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico and all the Philippine Islands. They may declare their policy to offer absolute independence to each.

The Republicans, on the contrary, can say the war was justifiable; that it has been conducted most successfully in accordance with international law and the usage of nations; that the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the capture of the Spanish armies in the Philippines were necessary incidents of the war, while the subsequent difficulties with Aguinaldo and his people could not in any way have been avoided. The Administration, while the treaty was under discussion, extended, through a quasi peace commission, and through General Otis and Admiral Dewey, all civil rights, even complete autonomy, so far as Luzon was concerned, to Aguinaldo and his coadjutors. No counter plans or offers were ever formulated or extended by the Filipinos to our representatives. At last, after the treaty was ratified and the jurisdiction belonged to the United States, war was deliberately prepared by the insurgents.

The Administration claims it to be a plain duty, an imperative obligation, to assert jurisdiction and maintain sovereignty till all armed insurrection shall cease. I believe that the Republicans will have the great majority of our people with them on this issue.

As the great monopolies and trusts are throwing out of employment, little by little all over the country, a large number of employees, who go forth to swell the discontented and unemployed, it is probable that both parties will make a strong declaration against trusts, and perhaps submit some general method of limiting their scope and holdings.

The feeling is widespread that we ought to have for our Civil Service a stronger basis with a firmer structure.

The impressions I gain in the sentiments of the people are to the effect that the Republican party will have the advantage, and will elect its President in 1900, and that, in this result, good times will be maintained.

O. O. Howard

Captain Todd's Explorations in the Great Valley of the Amazon

One of the greatest trips of exploration and investigation made in recent years was the voyage of the United States Steamship Wilmington, which proceeded 2300 miles up the Amazon and examined the topography and resources of the country. Captain Todd has submitted his report and it is full of useful information. The climate is oppressive and malarious. Most of the native houses are built on piles.

In the rainy season the Valley of the Amazon, which is an immense area of low-lying land, is flooded. It does not produce enough to feed the population, many of whom live on canned goods and other imported foods. The great industry is rubber. No systematic attempt is made to cultivate the rubber trees, and it is suggested by the commander and his staff that measures be taken by the Governments of the various States along the Amazon to cultivate the trees on plantations in order to provide against the extinction of the industry.

A Silly Summer Craze Over an Imaginary Kissing-Bug

Every summer seems to have its bit of idiocy. For many seasons the sea serpent disported its imaginary self in many forms and places. Two years ago fanciful airships were flying through the heavens and descending to land.

This summer the craze is the kissing-bug, and, as a consequence, the entomologists of the country have been distracted by all sorts of insects sent to be recognized as the new terror. There have undoubtedly been cases of painful swellings from insect bites, but when the blood is not in the right condition, the probe of a mosquito, or even the bite of a fly, will cause a swelling that seems abnormal. Such cases have helped the kissing-bug craze, but all the same the kissing-bug is a clever hoax which the writers for the daily newspapers have exploited to brighten up the dog days.

The Credit of the Idea for Sending the Spaniards Home

Following his resignation as Secretary of War, Mr. Russell A. Alger gave out a statement in which he claimed all the credit for the disposition of the Spanish prisoners after the capture at Santiago. He stated that by his action in accepting the offer of the Spanish Transatlantic Company for transporting the men to Spain, which was less than one-half of that of the syndicate formed in New York, he saved the Government $800,000. As this was an unique act which had a bearing upon the war, the credit of it is important.

Note—The Campaign Issues of 1900 from a Democratic Standpoint will be published in the Post later.

What Happened at the Fonda.

By BRET HARTE

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PART II

THE next afternoon he went to the fonda. Situated on the outskirts of the town which had long outgrown it, it still bore traces of its former importance as a *hacienda*, or smaller farm, of one of the old Spanish landholders. The *patio*, or central courtyard, still existed as a stableyard for carts, and even one or two horses were tethered to the railings of the inner corridor, which now served as an open veranda to the fonda, or inn. The opposite wing was utilized as *tienda*, or general shop—a magazine for such goods as were used by the Mexican inhabitants—and belonged also to Ramierez.

Ramierez himself—round-whiskered and Sancho Panza-like in build—welcomed him with fat, perfunctory urbanity. The fonda and all it contained was at his *disposicion*.

The Señora coquettishly bewailed, in rising and falling inflections, his long absence and general perfidiousness. Truly he was growing great in writing of the affairs of his nation—he could no longer see his humble friends! Ah!—the way of the world! Yet not long ago—truly that very week—there was the head *impresor* of Don Pancho's *imprenta* himself who had been there!

A great man, of a certainty, and they must take what they could get! They were only poor innkeepers; when the Governor came not they must welcome the *Alcade*. To which the editor—otherwise Don Pancho—replied with equal effusion. He had indeed recommended the fonda to his *impresor*, who was but a courier before him. But what was this? The *impresor* had been ravished at the sight of a beautiful girl—a mere *muchacha*—yet of a beauty that deprived the senses—this angel—clearly the daughter of his friend!

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Here was the old miracle of the orange in full fruition and the lovely fragrant blossom all on the same tree—at the fonda. And this had been kept from him!

"Yes, it was but a thing of yesterday," said the Señora, obviously pleased. "The *muchacha*—for she was but that—had just returned from the convent at San José, where she had been for four years. Ah! what would you? The fonda was no place for the child, who should know only the litany of the Virgin—and they had kept her there. And now—that she was home again—she cared only for the horse. From morning to night! *Caballeros* might come and go! There might be a festival—all the same to her, it made nothing if she had the horse to ride! Even now she was with one in the fields. Would Don Pancho attend and see Cota and her horse?"

The editor smilingly assented, and accompanied his hostess along the corridor to a few steps which brought them to the level of the open meadows of the old farm inclosure. A slight white figure on horseback was careering in the distance. At a signal from Mrs. Ramieres it wheeled and came down rapidly toward them. But when within a hundred yards the horse was suddenly pulled up *vaquero* fashion, and the little figure leaped off and advanced toward them on foot, leading the horse.

Yet nothing could be more captivating than her simple and childish curiosity, as she watched Richards swing the lever of his press, or stood by his side as he marshaled the type into files on his "composing stick"

To his surprise, Mr. Grey saw that she had been riding barebacked, and from her discreet halt at that distance he half suspected—*astride!* His effusive compliments to the mother in this exhibition of skill were sincere, for he was struck by her fearlessness. But when both horse and rider at last stood before him he was speechless and embarrassed.

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For Richards had not exaggerated the girl's charms. She was indeed dangerously pretty, from her little tawny head to her small feet, and her figure, although comparatively diminutive, was perfectly proportioned. Gray-eyed and blonde as she was in color, her racial peculiarities were distinct, and only the good-humored and enthusiastic Richards could have likened her to an American girl. But he was the more astonished in noticing that her mustang was as distinct and peculiar as herself—a mongrel mare of the extraordinary type known as a "*pinto*," or "calico" horse, mottled in lavender and pink, and half broken! Her greenish gray eyes, in which too much of the white was visible, had, he fancied, a singular similarity of expression to Cota's own!

Utterly confounded, and staring at the girl in her white, many-flounced frock, bare head and tawny braids, as she stood beside this incarnation of equine barbarism, Grey could remember nothing like it out of a circus. He stammered a few words of admiration of the mare. Miss Cota threw out her two arms with a graceful gesture and a profound curtsy and said:

"*A la disposicion de le Usted, Señor.*"

Grey was quick to understand the malicious mischief which underlay this formal curtsy and danced in the girl's eyes, and even fancied it shared by the animal itself. But he was a singularly good rider of untrained stock, and rather proud of his prowess. He bowed.

"I accept that I may have the honor of laying the Señorita's gift again at her little feet."

But here the burly Ramierez intervened. "May the devil fly away with all this nonsense! I will have no more of it!" he said impatiently to the girl. "Have a care, Don Pancho," he turned to the editor; "it is a trick!"

❧

"One I think I know," said Grey sapiently. The girl looked at him curiously as he managed to edge between her and the mustang, under the pretense of stroking its glossy neck. "I shall keep *my own* spurs," he said, pointing to the sharp, small-roweled American spurs he wore, instead of the large, blunt, five-pointed star of the Mexican pattern.

He stopped and lit a cigarette without changing his odd expression

The girl did not evidently understand him then—though she did a moment later! For, without attempting to catch hold of the mustang's mane, Grey in a single leap threw himself across its back. The animal, utterly unprepared, was at first stupefied. But by this time her rider had his seat. He felt her sensitive spine arch like a cat's beneath him as she sprang rocket-wise into the air.

❧

But here she was mistaken! Instead of clinging tightly to her flanks with the inner side of his calves, after the old *vaquero* fashion to which she was accustomed, he dropped his spurred heels into her sides and allowed his body to rise with her spring, and the cruel spur to cut its track upward from her belly almost to her back.

She dropped like a shot, he dexterously withdrawing his spurs, and regaining his seat, jarred but not discomfited. Again she essayed a leap; the spurs again marked its height in a scarifying track along her smooth barrel. She tried a third leap, but this time dropped half way as she felt the steel scraping her side, and then stood still trembling. Grey leaped off!

There was a sound of applause from the innkeeper and his wife, assisted by a lounging *vaquero* in the corridor. Ashamed of his victory, Grey turned apologetically to Cota. To his surprise she glanced indifferently at the trickling sides of her favorite, and only regarded him curiously.

"Ah," she said, drawing in her breath, "you are strong—and you comprehend!"

"It was only a trick for a trick, Señorita," he replied, reddening. "Let me look after those scratches in the stable," he added, as she was turning away, leading the agitated and excited animal toward a shed in the rear.

He would have taken the *riata* which she was still holding, but she motioned him to precede her. He did so by a few feet, but he had scarcely reached the stable door before she suddenly caught him roughly by the shoulders and, shoving him into the entrance, slammed the door upon him.

Amazed and a little indignant, he turned in time to hear a slight sound of scuffling outside, and to see Cota reenter with a flushed face.

"Pardon, Señor," she said quickly, "but I feared she might have kicked you. Rest tranquil, however, for the servant he has taken her away."

She pointed to a slouching *peon* with a malevolent face, who was angrily driving the mustang toward the corral.

"Consider it no more! I was rude! Santa Maria! I almost threw you, too; but"—she added with a dazzling smile, "you must not punish me as you have her! For you are very strong—and you comprehend."

❧

But Grey did not comprehend, and with a few hurried apologies he managed to escape his fair but uncanny tormentor. Besides, this unlooked-for incident had driven from his mind the more important object of his visit—the discovery of the assailants of Richards and Colonel Starbottle.

His inquiries of the Ramierez produced no result. Señor Ramierez was not aware of any suspicious loiterers among the frequenters of the fonda, and, except from some drunken American or Irish revelers, he had been free of disturbance.

Ah! the *peon*—an old *vaquero*—was not an angel, truly, but he was dangerous only to the bull and the wild horses—and he was afraid even of Cota! Mr. Grey was fain to ride home empty of information.

He was still more concerned a week later, on returning unexpectedly one afternoon to his sanctum, to hear a musical, childish voice in the composing-room.

❧

It was Cota! She was there, as Richards explained, on his invitation, to view the marvels and mysteries of printing at a time when they would not be likely to "disturb Mr. Grey at his work." But the beaming face of Richards and the simple tenderness of his blue eyes plainly revealed the sudden growth of an evidently sincere passion, and the unwonted splendors of his best clothes showed how carefully he had prepared for the occasion.

Grey was worried and perplexed, believing the girl a malicious flirt. Yet nothing could be more captivating than her simple and childish curiosity, as she watched Richards swing the lever of the press, or stood by his side as he marshaled the type into files on his "composing stick." He had even printed a card with her name: "Señorita Cota Ramierez," the type of which had been set up, to the accompaniment of ripples of musical laughter, by her little brown fingers.

The editor might have become quite sentimental and poetical had he not noticed that the gray eyes which often rested tentatively and meaningly on himself, even while apparently listening to Richards, were more than ever like the eyes of the mustang on whose scarred flanks her glance had wandered so coldly.

He withdrew presently so as not to interrupt his foreman's innocent *tête-à-tête*, but it was not very long after that Cota passed him on the high road with the *pinto* horse in a gallop, and blew him an audacious kiss from the tips of her fingers.

For several days afterward Richards' manner was tinged with a certain reserve on the subject of Cota, which the editor attributed to the delicacy of a serious affection, but he was surprised also to find that his foreman's eagerness to discuss his unknown assailant had somewhat abated. Further discussion regarding it naturally dropped, and the editor was beginning to lose his curiosity when it was suddenly awakened by a chance incident.

❧

An intimate friend and old companion of his—one Enriquez Saltillo—had diverged from a mountain trip especially to call upon him. Enriquez was a scion of one of the oldest Spanish-California families, and, in addition to his friendship for the editor, it pleased him also to affect an intense admiration of American ways and habits, and even to combine the current California slang with his native precision of speech—and a certain ironical levity still more his own.

It seemed, therefore, quite natural to Mr. Grey to find him seated with his feet on the editorial desk, his hat cocked on the back of his head, reading the Clarion exchanges. But he was up in a moment and had embraced Grey with characteristic effusion.

"I find myself, my leetle brother, but an hour ago, two leagues from this spot! I say to myself, 'Hola! It is the home of Don Pancho—my friend! I shall find him composing the magnificent editorial leader, collecting the subscription of the big pumpkin and the great gooseberry, or 'gouging out' the eye of the rival editor, at which I shall

assist! I hesitate no longer; I fly on the instant, and I am here."

Grey was delighted. Saltillo knew the Spanish population thoroughly—his own superior race and their Mexican and Indian allies. If any one could solve the mystery of the Ramierez fonda and discover Richards' unknown assailant, it was *he!* But Grey contented himself, at first, with a few brief inquiries concerning the beautiful Cota and her anonymous association with the Ramierez. Enriquez was as briefly communicative.

"Of your suspicions, my leetle brother, you are right—on the half! That leetle angel of a Cota is, without doubt, the daughter of the adorable Señora Ramierez."

"Don't speak so loud. The foreman in the other room is an enthusiastic admirer of the girl. In fact, it is on his account that I am making these inquiries."

"Ah, the gentleman of the *pantuflos*, whose trousers will not remain! I have seen him, my friend. Truly he has the ambition excessif to arrive from the bed to go to the work—without the dress or the wash. But," in recognition of Grey's half-serious impatience, "remain tranquil. On him I shall not go back! I have said! The friend of my friend is ever the same as my friend! He is truly not seducing to the eye—but without doubt he will arrive a Governor or a Senator in good time. I shall gif to him my second cousin. It is feenish! I will tell him now!"

He attempted to rise, but was held down by Grey.

"I've half a mind to let you do it and get chucked through the window for your pains," said the editor with a half laugh. "Listen to me. This is a serious matter."

And Grey briefly recounted the incident of the mysterious attacks on Starbottle and Richards. As he proceeded he noticed, however, that the ironical light died out of Enriquez' eyes and a singular thoughtfulness, yet unlike his usual precise gravity, came over his face. He twirled the ends of his penciled mustache—an unfailing sign of Enriquez' emotion.

"The same accident that arrive to two men that shall be as opposite as the gallant Starbottle and the excellent Richards shall not prove that it come from Ramierez, though they both were at the fonda," he said gravely. "The cause of it have not come to-day nor yesterday, nor last week. The cause of it have arrive before there was any gallant Starbottle or excellent Richards; before there was any American in California—before you and I, my leetle brother, have lif! The cause happen first—*two hundred years ago!*"

The editor's start of impatient incredulity was checked by the unmistakable sincerity of Enriquez' face. "It is so," he went on gravely; "it is an old story—it is a long story. I shall make him short—and new."

He stopped and lit a cigarette without changing his odd expression.

"It was when the Padres first have the mission and take the heathen and convert him—and save his soul. It was their business, you comprehend, my Pancho? The more heathen they convert, the more soul they save. But the heathen do not always wish to be 'convert'; the heathen fly, the heathen skedaddle—the heathen will not remain, or will backslide. What will you do? So the holy fathers make a little game. You do not of a possibility comprehend how the holy fathers make a convert, my leetle brother?" he added gravely.

"No," said the editor.

"I shall tell to you. They take from the *Presidio* five or six *dragons*—you comprehend—the cavalry soldiers—and they pursue the heathen from his little hut. When they cannot surround him and he fly, they catch him with the lasso, like the wild hoss. The lasso catch him around the neck; he is obliged to remain. You believe not, Pancho? I see you wrinkle the brow—you flash the eye; you like it not? Believe me, I like it not neither—but it is so!"

He shrugged his shoulders, threw away his half-smoked cigarette and went on: "One time a Padre who have the zeal excessif for the saving of soul, when he find the heathen—who is a young girl—have escape the soldiers, he of himself have seize the lasso and flung it! He is lucky; he catch her—but look you! She stop not—she still fly! She not only fly, but of a surety she drag the good Padre with her! He cannot loose himself, for his *riata* is fast to the saddle; the dragoons cannot help, for he is drag so fast. On the instant she have gone—and so have the Padre. For why? It is not a young girl he have lasso—but the devil! You comprehend—it is a punishment—a retribution—he is feenish! And forever!

"For every year he must come back a spirit—on a spirit hoss—and swing the lasso, and make as if to catch the heathen. He is condemn ever to play his little game; now there is no heathen more to convert, he catch what he can. My grandfather have once seen him—it is night and a storm, and he pass by like a flash! My grandfather like it not—he is much dissatisfied! My uncle have seen him, too, but he make the sign of the cross and the lasso have fall to the side, and my uncle have much gratification. A *vaquero* of my father and a *peon* of my cousin have both been picked up lassoed and dragged dead.

"Many peoples have died of him in the strangling. Sometime he is seen, sometime it is the woman only that one sees—sometime it is but the hoss. But ever somebody is dead—strangle! Of a truth, my friend, the gallant Starbottle and the ambitious Richards have just escaped!"

The editor looked curiously at his friend. There was not the slightest suggestion of mischief or irony in his tone or manner; nothing, indeed, but a sincerity and anxiety usually rare with his temperament. It struck him, also, that his speech had but little of the odd California slang which was always a part of his imitative levity. He was puzzled.

"Do you mean to say that this superstition is well known?" he asked after a pause.

"Among my people—yes."

"And do *you* believe in it?"

Enriquez was silent. Then he arose, shrugged his shoulders. "*Quien sabe?* It is not more difficult to comprehend than your story."

He gravely put on his hat. With it he seemed to have put on his old levity. "Come, behold, it is a long time between drinks! Let us to the hotel and the bar keep, who shall give us the smash of brandy and the julep of mints before the lasso of Friar Pedro shall prevent us the swallow. Let us skedaddle!"

Mr. Grey returned to the Clarion office in a much more satisfied condition of mind. Whatever faith he held in Enriquez' sincerity, for the first time since the attack on Colonel Starbottle he believed he had found a really legitimate journalistic opportunity in the incident. The legend and its singular coincidence with the outrages would make capital "copy."

No names would be mentioned, yet even if Colonel Starbottle recognized his own adventure he could not possibly object to this interpretation of it. The editor had found that few people objected to be the hero of a ghost story or the favored witness of a spiritual manifestation. Nor could Richards find fault with this view of his own experience, hitherto kept a secret, so long as it did not refer to his relations with the fair Cota. Summoning him at once to his sanctum, he briefly repeated the story he had just heard, and his purpose of using it. To his surprise, Richards' face assumed a seriousness and anxiety equal to Enriquez' own.

"It's a good story, Mr. Grey," he said awkwardly, "and I ain't sayin' it ain't mighty good newspaper stuff, but it won't do *now*. For the mystery's up and the assailant found."

"Found! When? Why didn't you tell me before?" exclaimed Grey in astonishment.

"I didn't reckon ye were so keen on it," said Richards embarrassedly, "and—it wasn't my own secret alone."

"Go on," said the editor impatiently.

"Well," said Richards slowly and doggedly, "ye see there was a fool that was sweet on Cota, and he allowed himself to be bedeviled by her to ride her cursed pink-and-yaller mustang. Naturally, the beast bolted at once, but he managed to hang on by the mane for half a mile or so, when it took to buck-jumping. The first 'buck' threw him clean into the road, but didn't stun him, yet when he tried to rise the first thing he knowed he was grabbed from behind and half choked by somebody. He was held so tight that he couldn't turn, but he managed to get out his revolver and fire two shots under his arm. The grip held on for a minit, and then loosened, and the somethin' slumped down on top o' him, but he managed to work himself around. And then—what do you think he saw?—why, that thar hoss! with two bullet holes in his neck, lying beside him, but still grippin' his coat collar and neck-handkercher in his teeth! Yes, sir! the rough that attacked Kernel Starbottle, the villain that took me behind when I was leaning agin that cursed fence, was that same God-forsaken, hell-invented *pinto* hoss!"

In a flash of recollection the editor remembered his own experience and the singular scuffle outside the stable door of the fonda. Undoubtedly, Cota had saved him from a similar attack.

"But why not tell this story with the other?" said the editor, returning to his first idea. "It's tremendously interesting."

"It won't do," said Richards with dogged resolution.

"Why?"

"Because, Mr. Grey—that fool was myself!"

"You! Again attacked!"

"Yes," said Richards with a darkening face. "Again attacked, and by the same hoss! Cota's hoss! Whether Cota was or was not knowin' its tricks, she was actually furious at me for killing it—and it's all over 'twixt me and her."

"Nonsense!" said the editor impulsively. "She will forgive you. You didn't know your assailant was a horse *when you fired*. Look at the attack on you in the road!"

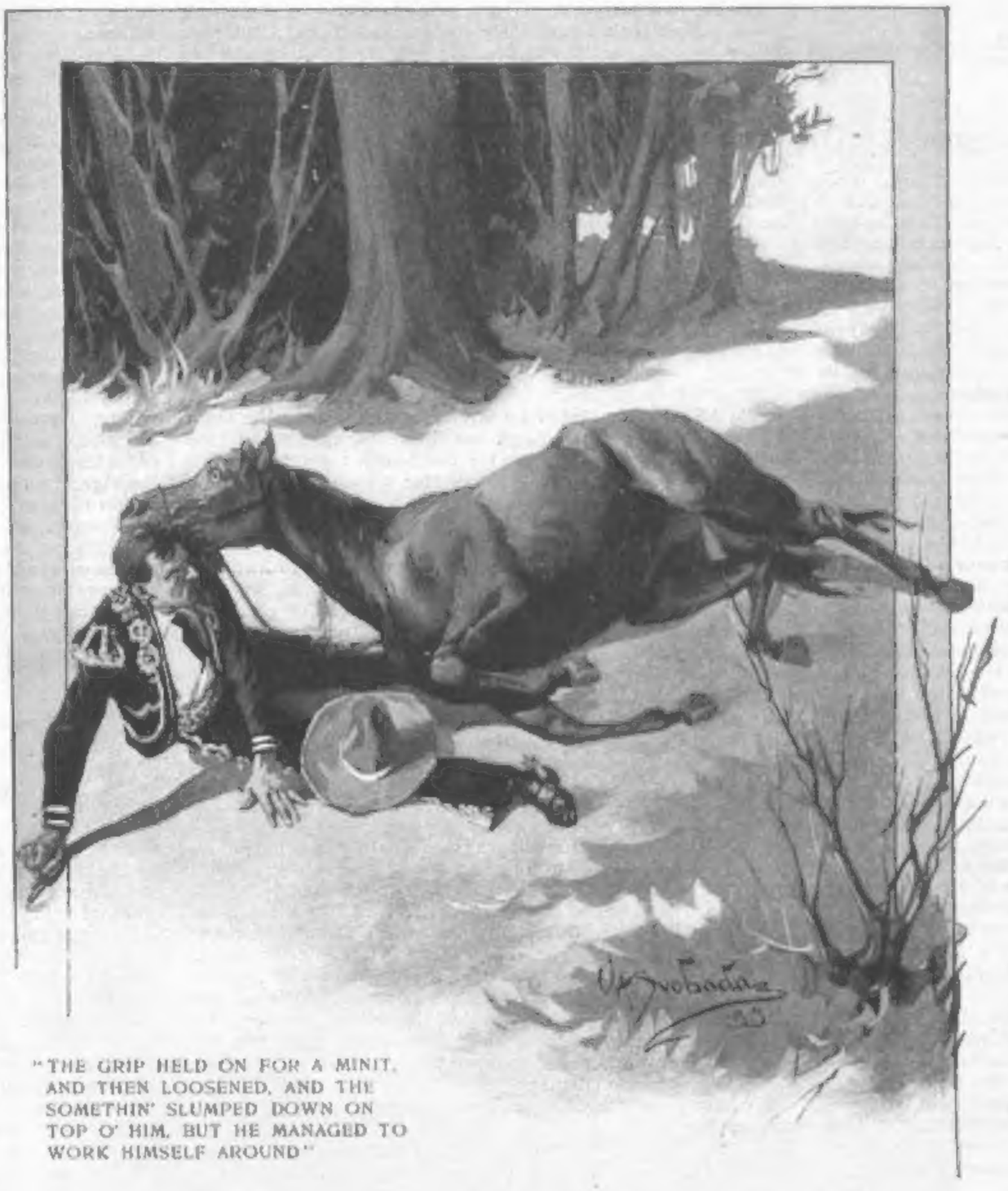
Richards shook his head with dogged hopelessness. "It's no use, Mr. Grey. I oughter guessed it was a hoss then—thar was nothin' else in that corral. No! Cota's already gone away back to San José, and I reckon the Ramierez has got scared of her and packed her off. So, on account of its bein' *her* hoss and what happened 'twixt me and her, you see my mouth is shut."

"And the columns of the Clarion, too," said the editor with a sigh.

"I know it's hard, sir, but it's better so! I've reckoned mebbe she was a little crazy; and, since you've told me that Spanish yarn, it mout be that she was sort o' playin' she was that priest, and trained that mustang ez she did."

After a pause something of his old self came back into his blue eyes as he sadly hitched up his braces and passed them over his broad shoulders. "Yes, sir, I was a fool, for we've lost the only bit of real sensation news that ever came in the way of the Clarion."

(THE END)



"THE GRIP HELD ON FOR A MINIT, AND THEN LOOSENED, AND THE SOMETHIN' SLUMPED DOWN ON TOP O' HIM, BUT HE MANAGED TO WORK HIMSELF AROUND"

A Real-Life Spoopendyke

FOURTEEN years after his death the writings of the late Stanley Huntley have been resurrected from their newspaper tomb and presented anew to the world between book covers. Stanley Huntley was as original a character as his Spoopendyke. He was a lawyer in New York in the sixties, a reporter, newspaper correspondent and editor in Chicago and Dakota in the seventies, and a humorist on the leading paper in his native city in the eighties. He gave to Bismarck, Dakota, its only fame by editing the Tribune of that place, and he found and interviewed Sitting Bull for the Chicago Tribune, in his hiding-place in British America, after the Custer massacre. His entrance to journalism is worthy of record:

Huntley had tired of law, and sought employment upon the New York Tribune early in 1870. His first assignment was to report a meeting to discuss a proposed insurance law. As Huntley was an authority on insurance law, he made a good story out of it, and the next day he saw it on the first page of the paper. His second assignment was to cover a meeting of the Farmers' Club which, then as now, met in Cooper Union. As a rule, the club, which comprised several professional gentlemen who knew even less of agriculture than they did of other things, discussed optical maladies in early potatoes, and aural afflictions in late corn, and such peaceful topics, but on this occasion temper was aroused and the meeting ended in a free fight.

Huntley wrote a vivid and eloquent account of the affair, sparing no one. When he finished writing, the city editor being absent, he thrust the copy into a chute and sent it whirring to the printers. Then he went home. Early the next morning he found the story on the first page without the alteration of a letter. To say that he was proud feebly expresses his conceit. He even showed it when he went down to the office at noon. Before he had been there long the city editor called to him:

"Mr. Huntley, Mr. Greeley wants to see you."

Thereupon Huntley walked out of the room with a conscious strut, while the other and wiser reporters smiled. Mr. Greeley was in his paper-littered den on the floor below, and the door was ajar. Within sat the old man in his shirt sleeves, deep in an editorial. Huntley knocked.

"Come in," called out Mr. Greeley in his high, squeaky voice. Huntley went in.

"Well, sir! Well, sir! Who the devil are you?" asked the chief impatiently.

"I'm Huntley, sir," said the reporter, straightening up.

"Oh!" answered the old editor, nodding his head. "So you're the infernal idiot that wrote that Farmers' Club story?" Huntley flushed, as he said that he was.

"What did you do with your copy?"

"I didn't copy it. I wrote it all myself."

"Young man," put in the editor in a softened voice, "how long have you been on this paper?"

"Forty-eight hours, sir; and that article is true—every word of it, and if they deny it, I'll——"

"No, you won't. They haven't denied it. They are the blamedest lot of idiots alive. But you shouldn't have said it in this paper, sir. Indeed, you really should not. I am the President of that club."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

August 19, 1899

$2.50 per Year by Subscription
5 Cents a Copy at all Newsdealers'

A New Order of Statesmanship

IN A RECENT change in the Cabinet, which, while having a good average of merit, has not been distinguished for greatness, it was freely admitted that the need was a man of large ability to handle the big questions with which the department would have to deal. It was a repetition of history, another instance of the many, where efficiency must step in when mere politics reaches its limitations. It was that way in the Civil War—it has been that way in many of our administrations. In other years large men were called in to handle crises; henceforth, statesmen will be needed every hour in the administration's term.

It is not necessary to spurn the politician and the man who gets position by his ambition and his pocketbook, for they have their uses and their privileges, but it is very necessary to recognise the supreme fact that small men cannot direct the interests and manage the issues of a great Government that has cut loose from a long domesticity and wandered forth into the world. There is often more trouble—more legal and diplomatic entanglement—in a dispute over a little island that could be lost and not missed in one of our big States than there is in the running of a great department of government involving millions. These things will undoubtedly increase, and it is easy to see what a clear head and a long foresight in shaping the right beginnings now will mean in the future. The new statesmanship demands big men.

At several stages of our growth we have had Presidents broad enough to call into the executive councils statesmen from both parties. Washington set the example. Lincoln followed it. The Nation to-day is ten times larger than in Washington's administration, more than twice larger than in Lincoln's time, and to increased size of population are added the questions of new possessions, new races, new relations with the powers of the earth. The time has come when our leaders at Washington must think more of the science of government than of the distribution of patronage, must look farther ahead than the next nominating convention, and must bend their best abilities to the shaping of a great, patient, progressive, and consistent national policy. Only statesmanship can do this work.

It may be too much yet a while to hope that the States will send their best men to the Senate and to the House of Representatives, or that the best men will always consent to give up large interests and incomes for the Congressional salary; but the inevitable effect of statesmanship in the executive and administrative branches of the Government will be steadily to invite statesmanship in the National Legislature and the diplomatic corps. —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

It is a good thing to join organizations, but a man is not to be judged by the number of societies he belongs to.

Pessimism in Politics

MILITARY men, and, in fact, all men who have been through an active campaign involving them in the various forms of battle, know the great value of confidence. The officer who can inspire his men with a feeling that nothing can shake the integrity of the corps, the brigade, the company, will win his fight even against desperate odds. So, when the rank and file of their own *esprit de corps* move as a single man and go into battle with all their voices blended and forespeaking victory, the commander catches the enthusiasm and leads with an irresistible inspiration of genius. Phil Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson moved their men and their men moved them.

What is true in military operations holds equally good in civil affairs. What we call by the expansive name of patriotism is but universal confidence in our form of government, in our national aspirations, and in the honor and political integrity of our people. Party spirit, the cohesive power of association for the advancement of principles in which we have confidence, is valuable; but above this, and of broader and at the same time subtler significance, is the national spirit. We must believe in the whole country, in the people as a body, in the substance and spirit of our national organism. Education can really go no farther than this. What the people, as a mass, estimate themselves to be, that is their actual value; for behind that estimate is its generating force, which measures ultimate capacity.

The meaning of the line which our writing-teachers gave us for copy in our childhood, "We grow like what we contemplate," is eminently true of the nation. From the circulating maxims of our politicians we gradually form our political faith. If from infancy we are constantly taught to think of our Senators as men who buy their election, of our Presidents as officials who, chosen in corruption and inaugurated by fraud, rule us by unconscionable methods, and of our courts as mere engines of oppression and injustice, how shall we ever so manipulate our politics that we can have full confidence in our Government? Every recognition of national rottenness is but the discovery of our own individual unsoundness.

Every reform must begin with the individual and spread from man to man. In a word, education is the only road to safety. But education is largely the contact of mind with mind; books afford but a small part of it. What we confess one to another, the estimate we set upon one another, the fine web of faith and confidence with which we weave our national cocoon, and the linking of hands by which the strength of us all combines into a single strain of patriotic force—these are the elements of true education. The man who talks against his own people confesses his own unsoundness; for it is hardly probable that he is better than the average. The political pessimist must assume great superiority or plead guilty to viciousness.

Genuine patriotism cannot be bounded by party lines; as well try to bound religion by the creed of a single church. The larger fact is always a sphere in which humanity takes on its full stature. We must take counsel of the millions in order to understand a common aspiration, and the millions must not be taught to regard themselves as a fraudulent mob, who every four years choose a scoundrel for President and a lot of perjurers for Senators and Representatives. Better an optimistic jingoism than a flabby doctrine of universal dishonesty. The motto, "In union there is strength," is but another way of expressing the value of "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together." In the individual we have the unit of political power, and the individual must be protected at all hazards; but the national chain of life can be no stronger than its weakest link, and it is the weakest link that we must look after. Our danger lies there. The man who goes about teaching the people to believe that official life is corrupt and corrupting, that our Government is inherently weak, that everything it does has its foundation in a disreputable job, and that every undertaking proposed by the administration—no matter of what party—is sure to have corruption in view, is the worst enemy the Nation can meet. He it is who breaks the thread of popular faith and poisons the sources of political confidence, making patriotism a fun-bundle and by-word. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

Those statesmen who are trying to smash the trusts by oratory evidently forget that the combines are past perfect in the art of raising the wind.

Being a Good Fellow

IT WAS publicly stated by a prominent clubman the other day, when a well-known candidate for admission to a social club was black-balled for the fourth time, that it was becoming more and more difficult for a man of pronounced character and aggressive convictions to obtain admission to any of the wealthy social clubs. Such a man almost always carries about with him a threat of disturbance to the well-coddled complaisance of compromising men. He awakens antagonisms which would find it very difficult to give an account of themselves. His very staunchness of character and his adherence to his own sense of duty, regardless of popular favor, are an annoyance to a coterie whose chief purpose in club life is to have no views and to accommodate itself lightly to all views, with the vacuity and tolerance that are supposed to be the sign-manual of culture.

It may be taken for granted that a man who is not built so as to regard complaisance as the highest achievement of the social animal, and looks upon life and the mission of it as involving all sorts of conflicts and requiring a good deal of muscular mentality, is not going to make any great sacrifices to get into a coterie that has agreed to live and move and have its being so as to organize and celebrate ease and comfort. It must also be apparent that the coterie would rather do without him, and there will always be black balls thrown by timid conservatism to prevent him from disturbing existing conditions. The reply of such an objector would probably be: "Oh! he is one of those clever and restless persons for whom special clubs are provided. We admire his ability, but he makes enemies, don't you know." All this is true enough, no doubt, and it seems to set forth the social desideratum, and announce that to be a good fellow one must not make enemies.

We have several men of national reputation at this moment who appear to be the direct product of these social clubs. They have attained to something like international eminence by what may be called a gifted complaisance. There is not a social club in the world that would not welcome them with open arms, for they carry all the amenities, graces and delights of volubility and wit and humor with them. But one might justly ask if they are not so polished down by the requirements of affability, and so adjusted to the polite accommodations of a club existence, that they would fail to fit a crisis with dominating candor.

The man who makes no enemies is outside one of the most important of Biblical commands, which is to love his enemies, for how can he love them if he has none? Besides, a man ought to take some kind of pleasure in loving his enemies when they are of his own creation.

—A. C. WHEELER (NYM CRINKLE).

Prosperity seldom reaches a section unless it has good roads to travel over.

A Wrong to the Ill

AN EFFECT of city life appears to be that it blinds people to other forms of existence. They apply city standards to everything. They appear to think that farmers should have stationary tubs, hot and cold water, sanitary plumbing, electric lights, elevators, a free mail delivery, and other things that a little reflection shows to be impracticable, at least at present; for of course the time will come when the farmer will have these things, just as he will have his automobile and his air boat.

Ordinarily, this affection toward the town and the gaging of all things by town standards is without practical effect, but it ought to be apparent that in certain matters it is carried too far. In nothing is it illustrated more surprisingly than in the retention of invalids and other helpless people in the cities, though every reason offered for the practice is overslaughed by the potent ones of country economy and health. A typical instance is this: a charitable woman who gives not only her means but her time, her strength, her very life to the cause, has established in one of our largest cities a hospital for a certain class of patients—incurables. Now, had she gone ten or a dozen miles out of town she could have bought, out and out, a spacious farmhouse, or could have built a better house, for that matter, with two or three acres of ground about it, and this ground could have been put to use while it served as ornament.

All the vegetables and fruit needed by the institution could have been raised on the place and served fresh and wholesome, instead of faded and dusty, as they come from the city shops. Milk—real milk, with cream on it—could have been given by cows pastured in the vicinity. The air would always be invigorating in such a place, the nights cool, the sun and breeze would come in at the doors and windows, the waving of trees and the march of clouds could be seen by the patients as they looked up from their pillows.

But what does this excellent woman do? She rents, at a large figure, a house in the slums—a small house, dirty, unattractive, in a crowded, hot, airless, unpleasant and unhealthful part of the city, and takes the victims of a terrible disease to end their days there! Then she finds it difficult to gain public support and sympathy for the movement, and has trouble in paying off a mortgage, and engaging physicians and nurses to contribute their work.

There is more to be considered than the matter of expense in reference to a country hospital. The patient is the first consideration. And does any one doubt that hundreds of wrecked, exhausted men and women die, amid the clamors and heat and miasm of the town, who could have been restored to usefulness by gentle nursing and sound feeding in the country? It is only within a few years that science has really concerned itself with some of the commonest restoratives. It has sought the wide world over for the bacillus of this and the microbe of that; it has broadened its pharmacopœia, it has done wonders of surgery, it has created practically a new medicine, in which inoculation replaces drugs; but hardly a word is uttered as to the therapeutic value of silence.

Nerves are shaken, brains jarred, the usefulness of men is diminished by the unceasing glare, the rush, the rattle of the city, the frittering away of time and destruction of concentrating power by interruptions in business, by social demands, and by the amusements to which one turns for partial relief from an artificial state of things. Hardly ever do we hear of the advantages of rest; of the calm of mind, inducing calm of nerves and physical restoration, that comes with the contemplation of a beautiful landscape. And men keep on building hospitals, as this misguided, well-meaning woman has done, in the cities—building, too, nurseries, orphanages, boarding-schools, asylums, reformatories.

Wrong! Wrong! Pitifully, outrageously wrong! These people who are beginning life under such natural disadvantages, or are struggling feebly to maintain it, should be taken to some quiet spot where the grass grows, where trees purify the air, where there are flowers instead of flagstones; where, instead of the pounding of drays and yelling of hucksters, and clank and ding-dong of street cars, and shuffle of feet, and humming and brawling of industries, there is only the sigh of wind in the leaves, the comforting patter of showers on the roof, the gurgle of streams and the warble of birds.

Moreover, it is time that measures were taken to wean from the cities that large class of the weak and dependent that encumbers them. The race needs to go back to the soil at intervals or it loses health and force. Only three per cent. of the city born become what we call successful men and women. It is the country that always was and will be the bone and sinew of the nation. —CHARLES M. SKINNER.

Plutocrats increase, but poets get scarcer.

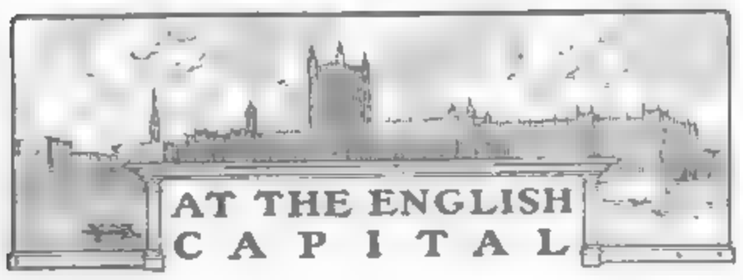
A Prospect of Fair-Going

AMERICANS who do not go to Europe every year as a matter of habit, and who have to plan long beforehand for their trip when they do go, have doubtless already taken serious note that the World's Fair in Paris begins next spring, and that it is already time, for those who are going, to consider ways and means, times, steamers and lodgings.

About the Fair itself, it is not necessary for us to take any thought. The French will attend to that. We know that they know all about these big fairs, and how to make them combine entertainment and instruction in the right proportions. We are sure that there will be much more at the Paris Fair that is worth seeing and studying than we can look at, more amusement and more instruction than we can assimilate. We do not doubt that the French Fair will promote the spread of civilization in each one of us who manages to get to see it, and takes it seriously when he arrives. There will be a profit in carrying us to it, and in lodging us while we are there, and, as profits are earnestly garnered in these days, we have faith to believe that if we can spare a moderate sum of money we shall be able to see what Paris will have to show. If we have settled the ways and means problem there is no reason why we should not open correspondence at any time with the steamer companies, and see how their expectations compare with ours.

The various congresses which are a part of a contemporary World's Fair fall in July and August. Persons who are not interested in them, and who want elbow-room for their fairings, are advised to go either earlier or later than those months. Doubtless, in May and October the crowds will be least. The American visitor, however, is much more likely to consider when it is most convenient for him to go to Paris than when Paris can best receive him. The fair-goers from our great cities will wish to be away from home during midsummer, and July and August will be the very months they will choose.

The Americans being much more fond of going to fairs in Paris than the French are of coming to fairs in America, it is probable that the delegation from here next year will be very large. It may be half a million strong, perhaps stronger, and that in spite of the fact that there are a great many of us for whom there are always in Europe much more interesting things than fairs, and who prefer to take our trips abroad when there is no great show running. But there will be enough of us who do not see Paris next year to keep one another in countenance, and if any of us should incline to grieve over what we are missing, we can remember that Buffalo expects to bring from Paris all the good portable features of the French show and exhibit them at her Pan-American show in 1901. Three years later St. Louis will spread herself in the effort to beat the record made by Chicago in 1893. We shall not suffer, therefore, for lack of opportunity to improve our minds by contemplation of great shows. —E. S. MARTIN.



When Captain Watkins, late of the Paris, was in command of the City of Chicago, he had as a passenger on one trip a United States Consul to a region in Africa dominated by the Portuguese, and where the Stars and Stripes were almost unknown to the natives. The Consul was a genial old gentleman who for years had been comfortably living in a retired spot in New England, and all the time drawing a salary from his Government. No President had sought to shift him, no hungry politician wanted his post, and by and by the old gentleman became practically forgotten.

Early in life he had quitted his post, asking the British representative to forward to New England any letters for him that might arrive. So his salary checks went out to Africa and returned to Massachusetts with beautiful regularity, and the old man lived an ideal life of it. But one of the squabbles that periodically break out in that dark continent suddenly blossomed, and the old man heard that his Government was sending out pressing dispatches to him. Thereupon he took the first steamer—it happened to be the City of Chicago—and sat on Captain Watkins' right at table. The Consul was angry at being disturbed in his retired old age. "What's the use of an American Consul, anyhow?" he said to the Captain when discussing the situation. "Look at the difference between our instructions and the Englishman's. He is told to act promptly and then report to the Government; we are commanded not to act till we have reported and received permission to act. We're no use in this world, I tell you, and won't be till our Government lets us shove first, and then talk."

■

The newly appointed Flag-Captain to the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore is a man given to following the ideas of this old American Consul. He has always done his shooting early, and it has saved a heap of trouble in the end. Captain Charles Campbell, C. B., is well known in America. He was in charge of the American station for some years, and at the great review of the fleet in Jubilee year he found his battle-ship, the Empress of India, lying very close to the U. S. S. Brooklyn. The officers and men of these two splendid ships took to each other like brothers, and there was a special exchange of hospitalities between the Americans and Captain Campbell and his crew. When the Brooklyn officers were aboard the Empress of India, one of the latter's officers, who had been with Captain Campbell on the east coast of Africa, told the visitors a characteristic story of the fiery C. B.

Campbell was in command of the Philomel, a cruiser that is now a classic on the east coast owing to the number of rows she has suppressed, when the Delagoa Bay trouble broke out, and war between England and Portugal seemed certain. The Philomel, then at Cape Town, was ordered to Delagoa Bay at the very moment excitement was at its height. Of course it took some days getting around to the bay. Meanwhile, whether or not war had commenced, Captain Campbell could not tell. He knew the one formidable man of-war that Portugal possessed, a vessel outclassing the Philomel at every point, was at anchor in the bay, and he was naturally interested to find out whether she would receive him with salutes or slugs. Before reaching Delagoa he ordered his ship cleared for action and loaded every gun.

■

The moment he sighted the big Portuguese he made a careful survey of her, and saw that she, too, looked like business. He got his range-finder on her, and by consulting the chart made out that she had stationed herself as close to shore as the depth of water would permit, but the Philomel drawing much less water, could, he thought, take up a position inside of her. With every man at his post the little cruiser made straight in, expecting every instant to see the fire belch from the sides of the Portuguese. But no shots came. Campbell swung round the stern of the leviathan and brought up broadside on with only a few yards of water intervening. Still no aggressive move from the big fellow.

Captain Campbell then ordered a boat to be lowered, and sent a warm invitation to the Portuguese Captain to dine aboard the Philomel. The bid was promptly accepted. When the be-medaled foreigner stepped aboard, Captain Campbell grasped his hand, and, after greeting him, said: "By the way, Captain, I shipped some new guns at Cape Town; rather wonderful weapons, I assure you. Allow me to show you them." When the guns were shown, the Portuguese did not fail to notice that every one was loaded. Then, after a good dinner, Campbell suddenly said: "Captain, I hope every meeting of ours will be as enjoyable as this has been, and to insure this, I think it is only right that I make a pretty plain statement:

"I'm a small ship, and you're a large and powerful one. You have, too, communications open with Europe which, Delagoa being Portuguese, I have not—so I've got to look alive, you know. I can't afford to risk anything. I want to tell you, so as to prevent mistakes, that for self preservation I am going to keep a bright lookout on your ship, and the very first signs of activity I see about you I'm going to open fire. I'll be sorry to shoot if it turns out that there's no occasion, but much more sorry not to shoot in time. I wouldn't, if I were you, exercise the men at quarters during my stay." The Portuguese looked glum for a moment, then thanked Captain Campbell for making certain breast of it, and took the hint.

■

Whether or not the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston have been informed of the fact, I don't know, but the H. A. C. of London and Mr. Chauncey Depew are out. The H. A. C. of London is one of the oldest of military organizations, although its fighting record is painfully short. Occasionally, on the strength of being ancient and composed of jolly good fellows, the H. A. C. induces the Prince of Wales to drop in for dinner.

There is a beautiful lack of restraint about the H. A. C.'s dinners that is much to the liking of the Prince, and the organizers of the feast see to it that there are some first-class entertainers on hand. The Prince loves a good story well told, and that is why Depew and His Royal Highness get on so well together. The last time the Prince dined with the Ancients, Depew was a guest, and in his speech did for himself with the H. A. C. He said, briefly, that there were three great branches of military organizations in England; first, the regulars, who would fight anywhere, for any cause, at any time; second, the volunteers, who would fight to defend their shores at any time; and third, the H. A. C., which would not fight at any time for anything anywhere. Full publicity was given to this, but it has never before been told how Mr. Depew came to make the speech.

Among the members of the Honorable Company there is a Sergeant who stands well over six feet in his socks. His sense of humor, however, is not in proportion to his height. Just before dinner was served, and while guests and hosts were freely mixing together, Depew ran up against this giant and fell into conversation with him. The Sergeant was full of the glories of his company, and Depew, having a dim idea that the H. A. C. had, as a matter of fact, done little fighting, but wishing to give the enthusiastic Sergeant a chance to tell of some blows, it suddenly struck him that during the Cromwellian war, when every one fought, the company must have played a spirited part. So he said to the Sergeant: "I am not so well up in the history of your organization as I should be, I fear. For instance, which side did you take in the Cromwellian civil war?"

"Well, that's it, you know," said the Sergeant; "this company has seldom, I may say never, been without clever men at its head, and that accounts for our splendid record. During the Civil War we had an extra clever man, sir, the cleverest officer, perhaps, we ever had, and he managed it so tricky, sir, that neither Cromwell nor the King knew what to make of us, sir, and we went through the whole beastly trouble without firing a gun. We were the only company in England that did not lose a single man."

This man's earnestness so tickled Mr. Depew that he put his foot in it an hour or so later, by telling the truth.

—Angus Evan Abbott.

WHEN SAM'L SINGS

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

HYEAH dat singin' in de medders
  Whah de folks is mekin' hay?
Work is pretty middlin' heavy
  Fu' a man to be so gay.
You kin tell dey's somep'n special
  F'om de canter o' de song;
Some'p'n shoty pleasin' Sam'l,
  W'en he singin' all day long.

Hyeahd him wa'blin' 'way dis mo'nin'
  'Fo' 'twas light enough to see.
Seem lak music in de evenin'
  Allus good enough fu' me.
But dat man commenced to hollah
  'Fo' he'd even washed his face;
Would you b'lieve, de scan'lous rascal
  Woke de birds erroun' de place?

Sam'l took a trip a-Sad'day;
  Dressed hisse'f in all he had,
Tuk a cane an' went a-strollin',
  Lookin' mighty pleased an' glad.
Some folks don' know what de mattah,
  But I do, you bet yo' life;
Sam'l smilin' an a-singin'
  'Ca'se he been to see his wife

She live on de fu' plantation
  Twenty miles erway er so;
But heh man is mighty happy
  W'en he git de chanst to go.
Walkin' allus ain' de nices'—
  Mo'nin' fin's him on de way—
But he allus comes back smilin',
  Lak his pleasure was his pay.

Den he do a heap o' talkin',
  Do' he mos'ly kin' o' still,
But de wo'ds, dey gits to runnin'
  Lak de watah fu' a mill
"What's de use o' havin' trouble,
  What's de use o' havin' strife?"
Dat's de way dis Sam'l preaches
  W'en he been to see his wife.

An' I reckon I git jealous
  Fu' I laff an' joke an' sco'n,
An' I say, "Oh, go on, Sam'l,
  Des go on, an' blow yo' ho'n,"
But I know dis comin' Sad'day,
  Dey'll be brighter days in life;
An' I'll be ez glad ez Sam'l
  W'en I go to see my wife.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Maurice Thompson struck the keynote in the song of discontent caused by education when he said that young minds have received the impression that by knowledge the track of life can be leveled to avoid labor, and that drudgery degrades.

Education *should* teach that "no sphere is inferior if it is necessary"; but how many does it teach to be contented as hewers of wood and drawers of water?

The writer was born and bred to hard and menial labor on a farm. His discontent amounted not only to envy of, but hatred for those in more fortunate spheres.

His discontent led him to seek a college education, and he is now engaged in educational work. He has learned that his education cannot relieve him of the necessity of labor, he has even learned that drudgery is not degrading. And, though he is not contented, he has learned with Emerson that "in the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition." His education has taught him to believe he can be of more service as an educator than as a man with a hoe.

Now the question arises, "Who, after being educated, will believe the limitations of the periphery of his ability demand that he be the man with the hoe? The necessity for this man exists, and this man is to be taught to be proud of his "masterly hoeing," or the schools are at fault. Are they at fault? Whatever might be the results of education among the masses, it cannot be said that discontent is a result. Discontent is universal. Discontent is the result of that indescribable longing after the unattainable existing in the souls of all sorts and conditions of men, for

"Our thoughts, our hopes, desires never die;
  They live for good or bad, or low or high.
  Our aspirations shape us as they sing,
  Or circle round the world an anguished sigh."

Allendale, South Carolina. B

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In the excellent article on Education and Discontent, by Maurice Thompson, he says that we should not "accept mere ambitionless mental stagnation as contentment, nor yet permit "a visionary dilution of life with impractical ambition."

The quantity and quality of education necessary to make the distinction between these two conditions is at once hard to classify and dazzling to contemplate.

Emerson says, "Whatever we succeed in we must come to from higher ground," so if we would even "hit the livery stable or blacksmith shop" of Mr. Thompson's simile we must "aim at a star."

We are told that "the [illegible] crime but low aim," yet it seems the difficulty lies in [illegible] what is a low aim and what is a high aim.

To crave merely the position of President of the United States with no regard for ways and means may be a low aim; but to sacrifice personal pleasure or convenience to manifest duty, be it ever so obscure, can never be a low aim.

That only can be a high aim which depends upon the exercise of high qualities, irrespective of results so far as "position" or mere approval may be concerned.

Emerson says, "What has he done is the divine question that unmasks every pretender"; but there is a more searching question than even this. It is *how* has he done it, by fair means or foul, and to what end is it done?

[illegible]

Littleton, Colorado.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Life is an endless toil and endeavor. A college diploma is not the key to worldly success or happiness. Contentment is not an end nor a necessary consequence of education. The primary object of education is, to train the faculties of the mind. Effort and endeavor, toil and struggle—then success. Does it mean contentment? History and experience answer—no! Shylock staggered out of the court room, bankrupt and broken-hearted, crying "I am content."

I do not agree with Mr. Thompson that "nearly all the unwholesome and unmanly discontent is but the result of a foolish excess of self-esteem," etc. Of the real successes—heroes—Carlyle wrote: "Not personal enjoyment was their object but a high, heroic idea of religion, of patriotism, of heavenly wisdom, in one or the other form, ever hovered before them; in which case they neither shrank from suffering nor called on the earth to witness it as something wonderful, but patiently endured blessedness enough so to spend and be spent."

The man with the hoe may be brother to an ox, but often the college graduate is more than merely brother to an ass.

Respectfully,

Cincinnati. S. A. Baldus.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Let a man be sure of his calling and there is no question of discontent; it then becomes synonymous with better ideals and higher aspirations.

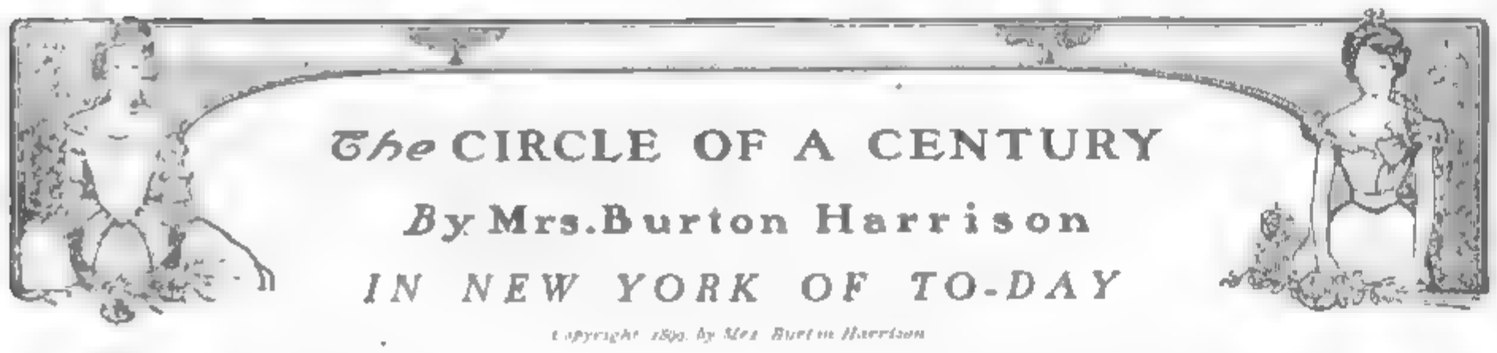
When education begets discontent with farm life, the fault is not with it, but with the teacher or pupil.

Farm life in its broader sense means farming communities where spiritual, mental and material wants are yearly increasing. An educated man is better prepared to meet these wants.

A man who missed a star and hit a blacksmith shop should not be content, unless with his progress. When ideals cease, life is mere existence. Luck is a mirage, and chance becomes a phantasm.

Wisely directed labor always brings results: this is education's function. Even for the farmer, education banishes loneliness. The world's greatest authors are his friends. Provincialism dies. Self-reliance increases. Independence grows, and, as his influence with the community extends, he gradually realizes that his own life or his own little world is whatever he wants it to be. E. G.

Southern Pines, North Carolina.



The CIRCLE OF A CENTURY

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

IN NEW YORK OF TO-DAY

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CHAPTER V

"LAURIE! Laurie, I say! Wake up, dear!"

There was a gasp, a stir, a floundering under a warm cover, and then a pair of blue eyes opened in a unburned face and gazed wildly at the speaker. Laurence Hope became aware that his mother, in dressing-gown and slippers, was standing beside his bed

A little while before she, too, had been lying comfortably unwrapped, for the time oblivious of a fear that had scarcely left her since the spring set in. Into her slumbers had come the strident summons of the electric bell at their front door; again it sounded, and she only of the household was broad wake

A glance down from her window into the street revealed a diminutive telegraph boy, holding the usual yellow envelope While instinctively reckoning up the quarters from which bad news might come, she hurriedly made ready to go downstairs and take it in.

Under the dim light of the hall lantern the mother read an order to her son to "Report at the armory at once," signed by the Captain of the Troop of the National Guard in which [illegible] proud to inscribe himself a private.

Soon before midnight these telegrams of command had been speeding everywhere in the twin cities linked by the Brooklyn Bridge, in pursuit of husbands, brothers, sons. Clubs, theatres, ballrooms, homes, hotels and lodging-houses were invaded by the fateful missives. What though the summons meant no more than a test of the readiness of volunteers? It was the first actual touch New York had of the rude, red hand of war'

"My tired boy!" thought the mother. "He has been working so hard at the office all to-day; I thought his foot dragged as he went up to bed. If it could only have been [illegible]'

"Laurie, it's a telegram from your Captain," she said in a trembling voice. "They want you at the armory at once."

"Yes, mother. Ten minutes, and I'll be down."

One grievous long drawn yawn, a last tribute to the sweet slumber from which he had been so rudely torn, and the young man was alert and eager to be off. Of small account seemed to him the comforts of his home, the bed soon to be exchanged for a truss of straw on the wet ground of Hempstead Plains, the surroundings of civilized existence to be cast away for life in a tent'

He was conscious only of an intense desire to go, that made him hardly patient with the yearning solicitude and repressed gloom of the family now aroused and in action to speed him on his way.

Although for days past every necessary preparation for a call to camp had been made; though a valise in waiting held all and more than the minor equipments for field service a pack of saddle-bags could possibly be made to contain —there were still services for loving hands to render the soldier they were sending to the front. Sandwiches were cut; a flask was filled with the best brandy in the house. Lucy in her pink peignoir with the floating laces, a coil of red brown hair loosened and tumbling down her back, bent a grave face over the woolen socks she had been marking with Laurie's number in the Troop

His father, half dressed, must needs see if the boy had in hand enough money for immediate use, the servants, in scant attire, fell over each other in their zeal to perform some demonstration for the new son of Mars. And amid all this bustle, instituted to work down family depression of spirits, the trooper descended among them, his lithe figure clad in fatigue jacket and trousers of dark blue, a wisp of yellow stuff knotted around his bare throat, booted and spurred, gauntlets in hand, and in his eyes a light that rebuked the dull aching of their hearts.

"What, mother and Lucy? Afraid, are you?" he cried, "and not a Dago nearer than the Caribbean Sea. That's a fine way to send me off, isn't it? And no doubt I'll be sneaking home to-morrow, instead of going into camp. Hang these eternal delays of the powers that be! All I mind is this getting you good people out of bed at this unearthly hour'

He kissed them both, shook hands with his father, and sped away light footed, to be carried uptown on a neighboring elevated railway. When the front door closed upon her son, Mrs. Hope vanished, her husband following to give her such reassurance as he might. Lucy, left alone, ran to a front window, thinking to catch a last glimpse of Laurie, and hoping he might look up

She was just in time to see her brother met upon the steps by a tall man in evening clothes, who, grasping him by the hand, hurried off in his company, their steps ringing through the quiet of the street.

"Which of his fellow-troopers can it be who lives near enough to call for Laurie?" she wondered. "That back doesn't look like Dick Masters, but I suppose it's he, rushing up to dress at the armory. Dearest Laurie! How his friends love him, and who could help it? I'm glad he's got Masters to make it jollier for him—why—it's *not* Masters—"

She drew back quickly. Just as the two retreating figures came under the glare of an electric arc light, they had turned and were looking back at the house. Laurie, seeing his sister, waved his cap with an old familiar gesture. And Laurie's tall comrade, who had also caught a fleeting glimpse of the pink vision at the window, stood bareheaded full in the light. It was Rex Adamson.

Lucy had never seen him since the day of their poignant interview in Mrs. Arrowtip's little drawing-room. At that time she had felt, indeed, that she never wanted to see him again. A great wave of shame and grief and misery had swept over her head, and she had emerged from it sore at heart, believing that happiness was not for her again. Her pride had bled that Rex, in whom she had confided her innocent trust in her unworthy lover, should have been the one to witness her downfall of faith and hope.

Later, she had realized the infinite gentleness and chivalry of his attitude, but not at first. She had allowed him to see the revulsion of her feelings; had thrust away from her by a gesture and a look his eager proffer of service. And she had seen him gather himself together and retreat with dignity from the attempt to be anything further in her life. As far as she knew, he had given her up once and for all.

With her father's and mother's consent she had written a final letter to Jack Warriner, definitely sundering the bond that had been between them. This missive, carried to her father in his library and laid before him silently, had been read by Mr. Hope with the full expectation of finding much to criticise, to restrain, and to advise to have rewritten. But after submitting it to his wife, who perused the poor little heartfelt scrawl with frank tears in her eyes, he had handed it gravely back to his daughter, and bade her send it as it was.

Everybody at home had been dearer than ever to her since then, thought Lucy. They had forgiven her concealment of the affair with Jack, had sympathized in deeds, not words, with her plucky fight to keep up, and seemed now to be holding her more closely to their hearts than ever. Even Laurie, from whom in the course of their lifelong intimacy she had rarely had a melting word, had spoken with her briefly, but feelingly, concerning her hapless love-venture and his own share in bringing it to wreck

Dear old Laurie! He had acted according to his best sense of protection of his only sister. She could see that in every line of his face, when he broached the painful subject; for his intervention had cost Laurie dear. That Jack was his Bessie's brother had but made his position more distressing.

Since the event, Bessie had sent for him and told him that, in view of the new rupture between the families and the exposure of their affairs to the gossips of society, her mother had ordered her to give him up. So Laurie, too, was cut adrift from his first love. He had confided this fact to no one save his sister. If his mother suspected it, she did not know Only Lucy knew how gladly her brother had answered the call to march away to war.

Amid these troubles of the Hopes and Warriners, Rex Adamson had not been forgotten by either household. Mrs. Warriner, with whom he had a painful interview, had thanked him fervently for standing by her unfortunate son in the scandal brought upon them by Jack's most recent fall from grace

As a first consequence Jack had withdrawn from his club, where his resignation had been accepted without a protesting voice. A few days later the great business venture in which he had embarked, with all sails set and colors flying, came to an end through a fierce quarrel between the partners, Jack's senior refusing utterly to tolerate the irregularities of his methods, and the firm dissolving by mutual consent.

Jack, stalking out of the office, in a blank fury with his associate, had yet controlled himself sufficiently to arrange for the return to Rex Adamson of funds embarked by him in their enterprise. And after that no one knew where to find poor Jack. Another star had vanished in the black abyss

Laurie Hope had meanwhile grown into closer relations of friendship with Adamson. Every day he had had something new to report to the home people concerning the quick progress of their intercourse. Mrs. Hope, who, a little while before, would have welcomed this alliance with delight, now, broken in spirits by Lucy's misadventure, remained passive when her boy quoted "Rex." She was hardly even moved to comment when Laurie, coming in one evening, announced that Adamson had been taken into his company of the Troop, the fellows rejoicing to secure such a stalwart new recruit. But Lucy's eyes had flashed quick approval.

"That is fine!" she cried, with the old enthusiastic ring in her tones. "I am glad you have him for a comrade, and I hope it may be a tent mate."

That night, on going to her room, Lucy took out the old letters of "Eve Adamson" to "Mrs. Lucilla Hope," and read them with new light. Was it not being answered through Rex and Laurie, the century-old prayer for a continuance of friendship "betwixt mine and thine"? And she had often read them since.

This matter of Rex calling for Laurie at such a late hour of the night afforded her subject for the liveliest speculation It was most likely that the summons had found him at a certain supper given, in their neighborhood, by an officer of the National Guard to some of his fellow-volunteers. Rex, knowing Laurie to be at home, must have come a little out of his way to pick him up, en route for the armory. But why, seeing the house lighted on every floor, had not he rung boldly, and asked for Laurie, instead of hovering outside?

Ah, me! She would have liked to give him, as well as Laurie, a God-speed. Her heart warmed at the notion of their setting off side by side. Rex, by inheritance one of the princes of the earth, wrapped in the purple, putting it all away to serve as a private in the ranks! What a dullard she had been, always to treat him as the friend of some one else—Jack's first, then Laurie's—never as one deserving honor because of his own strong manhood and individuality!

The last resolution of her mind before she sank into belated sleep was an ardent determination to do Rex justice for the future. It seemed vain for her to dwell on it, but there was no doubt he had lingered a moment looking back at her window after Laurie had pressed ahead. Little did she know that, driven like a leaf before the blast, Rex had come there, not in search of Laurie, but making that fraternal act an excuse for a last glance at the house that enshrined his ruling power before he could answer his country's call to arms

Hempstead Plains in May! A stretch of rolling downs in the middle regions of Long Island, open to the full sweep of breezes from the Atlantic. What vernal promise in the description! How could our volunteers do better than rally there for their preliminary training? One pictured, on first hearing of it, a canvas city of snow-white tents, pitched amid spring blossoms carpeting the hollows, and watered by rivulets coursing to the sea! A pleasant change, truly, for city-bred and city-pent youths! So thought most parents and proprietors of the nation's defenders then hastening to their baptism of fire.

As a matter of stern fact, there was no romance about the famous site selected by the paternal Government at Albany for breaking into military life the thousands of young clerks, professional men and mechanics, taken out of their stove-heated homes and steam-heated offices or factories; men who had hung up their overcoats, rolled their umbrellas and shelved their rubber shoes, and left them all behind at home on the day they went into camp'

It began raining soon after the place was chosen, and continued to rain for not quite forty days and nights, but long enough to cover the whole extent of even that gravelly soil with thick mire, thoroughly to saturate the troops, their tents and belongings, and to subdue the spirit of the most ardent patriot to the level of grim endurance. These men, who had stepped so gayly out of civil life, were suddenly, without preparation, subjected to the test of sleeping on wet ground, living in wet clothes, eating food soggy with the water it had been cooked with, and at first, through a refinement of mockery, having no water to wash in and almost none to drink

After the camp had been established these facts were evident to visitors from town, and despondency set in in many a home. It was only the men themselves who made no moan

A Long Island train going away from New York, one morning when lightening clouds gave hope of a day less damp, carried a small party of intending visitors to Camp Black, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Hope, their daughter, and Euphrosyne Warriner, dressed in garb rigidly simple, suggestive of her calling as trained nurse.

Euphrosyne had always kept friendship with Lucy, despite the recent break between their families on Jack's account She considered herself emancipated from ordinary social laws, and had touched Lucy's generous heart by her high-minded

Laurie, it's a telegram from your Captain"

grief over the affair, coming in person to lament it, when Mrs. Warriner's other daughters obeyed their mother's stern fiat of withdrawal *from* any intercourse with the Hopes.

Nurse Warriner's present outing was in order to get a glimpse of life in camp, after offering her services to the Government. Lucy had an idea that a sight of his lost lover's sister would cheer Laurie, who, however, since the enforced parting from Bessie, had given no sign to any one of his feeling on the subject. And then Lucy had much in common with Euphrosyne just now. She had lately been visiting her at St. Jude's, trying to familiarize herself with details of attendance on the patients. Her secret longing, little suspected by her parents, was to follow Euphrosyne's example and volunteer as a war nurse

Sitting opposite them in the car, the two girls had espied a rusty little man in shabby clothes, bent in the shoulders and buried in a newspaper, which he read without looking up till the train slowed at the station for Camp Black. While the Hopes were in the act of engaging the last unoccupied vehicle, a mud bespattered old carryall with rawboned horses and a decrepit driver, they saw their fellow-traveler looking about the station in an absent-minded way, apparently much at a loss as to what he was to do for a trap. Lucy called her near-sighted father's attention to the fact, and Mr. Hope, with his usual courtesy, made the stranger an offer of the unused seat in theirs

"I'm obliged to you, sir. If it won't incommode you, I'd be glad to take it. I was going to visit my son," he added

Editor's Note—Part I, The Circle of a Century, began in the Post of June 10. Part II, July 22. Each part is a complete story.

in an impersonal tone; "and I guess I forgot to telegraph ahead."

As the rain began to fall anew, Lucy, in deference to the stranger's age, insisted upon placing him in her own seat next Euphrosyne, springing lightly up to the more exposed perch beside the driver. On the way to the camp her spirits rose with the thought of meeting Laurie, her cheeks glowed in the moist air, her hair, under the same influence, broke into little fantastic rings around her neck and forehead.

While the others yielded themselves more or less to the depressing nature of the experience, while the wheels sank hub-deep into watery ruts and the horses strained to perform their task, her lively sallies and charming looks put heart into every one. Even their dry old nut of an extra passenger relaxed now and again into smiles that wrinkled his thin cheeks.

After ploughing ahead for a weary length of time, they came abreast of the camp of an infantry regiment of greenhorns from the interior of the State. Uniforms and tents having proved insufficient for their numbers, many of these men, still wearing their ordinary citizens' clothes, were seen either miserably congregated under the shelter of rubber blankets, or else exposed to the rain without so much as an overcoat or poncho. A sentry in check trousers, a water-logged jersey and a derby hat walked on his beat before the dismal throng.

"Oh! do go on, driver!" exclaimed Mrs. Hope, turning away her eyes. "I never dreamed of anything like this."

At every step forward the sad impression was deepened, with fresh revelations of inadequacy in provision of the most ordinary comforts for a volunteer. No outcast dog could have fared more pitifully than these ill-equipped regiments, hurried on from their native towns or country-sides amid the cheers of sympathetic crowds gathered at every point along their route.

Under a thin veil of gray drizzle, all the encampments wore their most melancholy aspect, but Mrs. Hope could not but feel that her own boy's comrades, representing the wealthy and well-bred families of their community, and possessed of abundant private means, must be found in better shape.

When, finally, the driver reined in where he had been told to stop, in her disappointment she gave a little cry of dismay.

"Oh, Lucien!" she exclaimed to her husband wofully. "It can't be here! Surely it isn't here!"

"I'm afraid, ma'am, you'll find it is," said the rusty little man, turning around and speaking to her for the first time. "I've been before where 'twas worse than this. But the boys will cheer ye up!"

They had halted at one end of a row of large conical tents so sodden with moisture as to resemble structures of wet paper. In and out of these lurked a few stray figures, but the chief animation visible was over at the far end of the line, where a curl of blue smoke announced the quarters of the cook.

The inclosure behind which that potentate stood, amid his pots and kettles bubbling on iron grills above pits full of burning logs, resembled a counter of rough boards, and was the only mess-table this crack organization could boast of. Thitherward the visitors could now see trooping a procession of animated scarecrows—phantoms in blue overcoats with collars raised, and tails flapping around booted legs, their campaign hats with the brims turned down to shed the rain, carrying each a tin cup and plate and spoon to receive his rations. It was hard to detect in them the flower of New York's fashion, the habitués of clubs and opera-boxes, the leaders of cotillons, and former targets for newspaper squibs calling them effeminate and brainless fops!

At a little distance off, horses in canvas blankets were picketed to a rope, tails to the storm, and turning their heads from side to side in a vain search for an avenue of escape from the downpour of the skies. Shelter the poor beasts had none. A long pile of saturated straw was their bedding, and a kind word and pat from their masters at feeding and watering time the only consolation of their days and nights. If ever the outlines of animals grouped together conveyed a meaning, theirs was a protest against the taking-up of American arms for Cuba.

Up and down the length of his beat before the tents paced a sentry in draggled blue uniform, his musket trailing, his aspect as forlorn as that of any tramp that ever asked for alms. When the carryall had come to a full stop, and he approached them to challenge their business at the camp, Lucy innocently cried aloud:

"Why, Mr. Percival!"

She had recognized in him a young man of her acquaintance, a whilom frequenter of gay society, whom she had last seen coming toward her at a ball, carrying a favor of ribbon and tinsel and asking her to dance.

The sentry saluted, but did not relax official severity. He called up the corporal of the guard, another old friend of the Hope family, who, after stolidly undertaking to summon Laurie to his parents, inquired of the stranger on the middle seat whom he would like to see.

"Private Adamson. Tell him his father, please," was the brief reply.

"Mr. Adamson, I beg your pardon," said Mr. Hope, astonished like the rest. "But for my poor sight I should have identified you before. Although we have never had a personal acquaintance, I know you, of course, as everybody else does; my name is Hope, and as our sons are friends and tent-mates, I am doubly glad we had this opportunity to bring you over."

"Pleased to meet you, sir," answered the magnate graciously; "and I take it very kindly of your young lady to have given me up her seat. Bad business, this rain, for our men in camp."

While the two elders talked, Mr. Percival, just then relieved from duty, devoted himself to the general enlightenment of the girls. His tongue, to avenge itself for previously enforced restraint, now wagged industriously.

"So that's Rex Adamson's father?" he asked, lowering his tone. "I could tell him that his son is over behind there digging a trench to bury the garbage from the kitchen; but I don't know how he would take it. We like our digging-bees better than sitting in a wet tent polishing brasses and cleaning boots on such a fine spring day as this. I can't ask you ladies to get out, since there's not a spot as dry as your carriage to be found. You'll find Laurie fit as a fiddle, and jolly as a sand-boy, Miss Hope. He and Rex are in my tent—that one next the last in the row; and, if we do scrap sometimes when the ten of us have to fit in it like wheel-spokes of a night, we have lots of fun."

"That—that dingy, dripping rag? Laurie—you all sleep in *there?*" exclaimed Lucy, horrified.

"Indeed we do, and if we only had a board floor we'd be proud as Punch. Here comes Laurie to tell you all about it. They've caught the lad in the act of loading his plate with pork and beans, and he's bringing it along. If you'll excuse me, Miss Hope, I'll run to get my own grub, and join you again presently. We can't afford to stand on ceremony here, where the food fires are the only ones that burn."

He ran off laughing as Laurie joined them. Mrs. Hope, giving one glance at her drenched and mud-bespattered offspring, to be sure she had made no mistake, leaned out and threw both arms around his neck in a fervent hug. Regardless of the rain, she and the girls presently sprang down and surrounded Laurie, who, in famous good spirits, poured upon them a flood of merry chat. So absorbed were they in hero-worship of their own, they did not notice the arrival to greet his father of Rex Adamson, whose great frame, in his working-shirt, and trousers tucked into his boots, was literally caked in mud, his arms bare, a spade still in hand, his face ruddy with health and satisfaction.

REGARDLESS OF THE RAIN, SHE AND THE GIRLS PRESENTLY SPRANG DOWN AND SURROUNDED LAURIE, WHO, IN FAMOUS GOOD SPIRITS, POURED UPON THEM A FLOOD OF MERRY CHAT

Mr. Adamson took note with a twinkling eye that his son, in passing a Corporal, had received orders of some kind from that functionary, who happened to be a petty clerk in a bank with which Job had much to do. He was pleased with the whimsicality of the incident, and determined to have an eye on the young man on his return to civil life.

Job was feeling passably cheerful on more than one account. To begin with, he had attended, before taking the train, a Directors' meeting, where the sum total of their fees of what should have been a ten-dollar gold piece for each member of the Board had fallen, by regulation, to be divided between himself and the only other Director present. The consciousness of these unexpected yellow-boys jingling in his breeches-pocket was a distinctly satisfying one. Then he had been decidedly struck by the revelation of blooming young womanhood in Lucy Hope.

It was long since he had taken notice of a pretty girl's back-hair, or had been dazzled by the occasional apparition of a rosy face, bright eyes and gleaming teeth. He recognized Miss Euphrosyne Warriner, although she had failed to identify him. He had once seen a photograph of her belonging to his wife. And, dried-up old specimen though he was, Job had inwardly confessed the attraction of beauty to be something superior to mere worth.

He was very glad "Mis' Adamson" hadn't succeeded in introducing Euphrosyne as a permanent member of his family while there were such "pretty ones" as Lucy still unwed. Lastly, Job had a piece of news for Rex that he relished, while hesitating to communicate it. A telegram had come to him that morning from Washington accepting his late offer of a contribution to the campaign funds that exceeded in amount the yearly revenues of many a monarch, and a letter had reached him from an old friend high in authority in Government saying that his son Rex was about to be appointed to a post on the staff of a leading General.

Job knew that the appointment antedated his gift to the Government. But he was sure, also, that Rex would fight against the appearance of buying his promotion, or of being exalted so early in the game, before he had done anything to deserve it. It was going to be a dence of a struggle to get his son and heir out of this mud-hole—a fact in which Job felt a sense of secret pride that Rex had never given him in all his life before.

When Mrs. Hope announced that, rain or no rain, she would not go back to town without seeing where her Laurie lived and slept, and the party set out under umbrellas to pick their way over to the tent, Lucy found herself bringing up the rear in company with Rex, Euphrosyne and Laurie having a little talk apart.

Lucy was struck by the bright and hopeful look upon Rex's face. Always heretofore she had fancied it wore an expression of uncertainty whether or not life were worth living. Now, though unseemly in appearance, dirty, tired and hungry, he was distinctly in tune with Fate. He told her cheerily of their military ups and downs, hardships, amusements, jokes and quarrels; then the by far harder experience of the men of some of the regiments. He described how their tent, owing to the benefaction of a friend, had one day enjoyed champagne enough to wash in, but no water—how, sickening of *pâté de foie gras*, they had fed it to their horses, sighed for a slice of hot roast beef, then adjourned eagerly to "salt horse" and army bread.

To all of this Lucy listened fascinated, fixing her eyes upon him with enormous pride in her privilege of walking beside this glorious muddy being the length of the camp before the gaze of men who crowded out to meet her and tried to get her away from him!

They found Mrs. Hope peeping between the dog-eared flaps of "Laurie's tent" with a truly wobegone expression. The floor—the ground itself covered with wet straw under rubber blankets—was littered with novels, pipes, cards, tobacco, tins of biscuit, fruit, and empty bottles of suggestive hue and shape. Every available space was filled with reeking garments, stacked arms and wet boots. Fast asleep upon his back, with his feet to the tent pole, lay a big trooper snoring off the previous night on guard. Over his massive bulk his comrades had scattered American Beauty roses, the contents of a box sent to him by a fair friend in New York.

"Makes a decent corpse, doesn't he?" grinned Laurie; but seeing his mother's distressed face, he promptly carried her away to visit the cook and inspect the commissary supplies.

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" Lucy was saying to Rex, when it was time to go. "I shall always remember this, and be grateful that I was permitted to have a little, though never so little, of your and Laurie's hardships. And it was *so* good of you to let me taste your pork and beans! I liked them—really I did; and your bread was excellent. I'm sure you must get sick of all that fancy stuff friends send you in boxes from town. Oh, I wish I were a man! It must be grand to be banded together here, enduring things."

"Yet my father wants me to get out of it. He has just told me that my promotion is on the way. Now judge for me, Miss Hope. I just now told you why I hesitate to take my rise. If you were in my place, would you go, and be a bloated staff officer, with insignia of rank on your collar, and have all the world to say you owe it to your father's money; or would you stay here and dig trenches for the cook?"

"Do you really mean me to decide it?" she said, blushing a little.

"No, that wouldn't be fair, when I've already made up my mind. But I'd dearly like to know if you agree with me."

"Then—for the present—I'd stay here," she said.

"That's exactly what I mean to do. And I'll promise you I'll look out for Laurie, and keep him from getting homesick, and see that he takes those quinine capsules your mother gave him."

"Oh! will you? How good!"

"Yes, you know there is something behind us three that should always keep us friends."

"'Betwixt mine and thine'?" she asked, dimpling.

"When you said that, you were the very image of the portrait. There, everybody's in the trap but you and my father—who has taken the greatest fancy to you, by the way. All those other fellows look as if they would chew me up for monopolizing you. Good-by, then. What do you say to our having a little sort of watchword between us, in token of our friendship? 'Betwixt mine and thine,' for instance?"

"That's the very thing. Whenever I say that to you it'll mean that I exactly approve of everything you've done; and *vice versa*. Don't tell Laurie; he would laugh. And I do hope I can get to Camp Black some day when it doesn't rain."

Euphrosyne, with a subdued sigh, made place beside her. Long ago resigned to Rex's indifference, it yet cost her a pang to see Lucy with him. Lucy looked back at him standing like a monolith where they had left him. Her heart warmed even to the dried-up Job, who surprised them, on arrival at the station, by having the Directors' car to meet him, and inviting their party to share its luxurious interior, with afternoon tea served by an accomplished steward, as they sped through a dripping landscape back to town.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Making of a Journalist

By JULIAN RALPH

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ALL our senses are mysterious, but there is one which journalists—and only a few others—have, in addition to the rest, that is even more strange. I do not refer to their weird "sixth sense" which leads them to the discovery of news, sometimes against their inclination and even against their judgment, as a hypnotist bends his subject to his will. I shall speak of that later.

First of all, every journalist ranks what is called his newspaper sense or "sense of news." If you are a candidate or a beginner you cannot tell whether you have this gift or not until you have repeatedly tried yourself. It is simply the light or intuition by which you know what to write and what to leave out, what to make the most of, what is worth a paragraph, and what is worth a whole page of a newspaper. I will illustrate this with a story. It is necessary to begin it by explaining that Frederic Hudson, once a great manager of the New York Herald, held to a theory that a newspaper should have some one great piece of news or story of wide interest in every issue.

Of course, it is impossible to have a great battle fought, or a Pope elected, or a city fall by an earthquake, every evening in time for us all to read about it at breakfast next morning. And yet, Frederic Hudson's idea was practicable and he knew it—because he possessed the faculty called the "news sense." He had "a nose for news," as some men express it. He could scent news out as some persons believe that a divining-rod feels the presence of precious metals in the ground, or as another sort of sprig or rod is affected when it is taken over any place where the earth hides a spring or course of water. The late Senator Hearst must have had some such implement in his make-up, for every old California miner will tell you that he was able to feel or see or smell the presence of gold in the rocks as he roamed over the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, locating rich mine after rich mine.

HOW BALLARD SMITH MADE NEWS TO ORDER

Ballard Smith, the distinguished managing editor and London correspondent, believed with Hudson, and also had the news sense highly developed. One afternoon, in what is called the "silly season" in London newspaper circles, there was not a speck of news stirring beyond the routine list of fourth-rate happenings. Mr. Smith sent for me and asked me to help him read the afternoon papers and try to "make a piece of news" for the next day's issue. I knew his method, and we both read every paragraph of news matter, and even such advertisements as we suspected might hide a tiny nugget which we could beat out into what he desired.

"I have it!" he cried out after half an hour's reading, and, catching up a pair of shears, he clipped out a three-line paragraph and handed it to me. It was simply an announcement that a tiny baby girl had been found in a vacant plot of ground in Harlem. The only uncommon feature of the case was that the infant was richly dressed.

"There!" said he triumphantly. "It is five o'clock, and by midnight we should have a page or nearly a page of this in type or ready to be set up. You write the main story. See the place where the baby was found, the policeman who found it; follow it to Matron Webb's room in the police headquarters, where all foundlings are first taken, and get a long, full account from the Matron of her experience with such cases—the most remarkable, strangest, most pathetic, moving or stirring experiences she has had. Then jump into a cab and go to the asylum where these babies are brought up, and to the Potter's Field where they are buried. The idea is to hang the whole story of the treatment of foundlings upon the case of this beautiful, richly dressed baby which you are to use as the text. Before you start, map out work bearing on the subject for the rest of the staff to do. You can have twenty reporters if you need them. We will drop everything else and tell the public, for the first time, the Story of a Foundling."

I forget how many reporters were put upon this task, but the majority worked with that enthusiasm which alone could produce the desired result, and we published a long and absorbingly interesting story next day. We made known the unlooked-for tenderness and care which foundlings met with while in the hands of the rough policeman and the kindly woman who first takes charge of them. Very different was their after-fate, ending with the speedy burial of the startlingly great majority in trenches, several in each trench, with only numbers to distinguish them. This was legitimate, dignified and true journalism—the only sort that was practiced upon that newspaper. Of no other sort of press methods do I intend to speak in these articles, except it be to point a moral or otherwise to exhibit them in the light from which their votaries shrink.

SOME MEN WHO HAVE A NOSE FOR NEWS

One day I reported to my "chief," Charles A. Dana, the fact that a man had called to show us some leather which he had made of a human skin. "Ugh!" exclaimed the chief. "Show him out of the door." I then said that news had come of the arrest of a distinguished New Hampshire man for theft. "Go yourself," said the chief; "send us all you can get about it." His news sense worked instantly and accurately.

What will the public enjoy reading? What will prove interesting to the greater number of the people? To be able to answer these questions correctly, instinctively, a score of times a day and every day in the year—that is what it is to have the news sense. It is not exclusively the newspaper man's gift, for novelists, playwrights and theatre-managers, among others, are dependent upon something very like it for success. This gift has made a unique place for one man who is actually able to play with his faculty and caricature its processes. I refer to Mr. R. F. Hamilton, who devises the advertising for a great American show now established in England. His alleged discovery that oysters can be educated, and his announcement of an indignation meeting of the human curiosities to protest against being called "freaks," are examples of how this gift can be so ingeniously exaggerated that even the greatest newspaper may not suspect either the method or the purpose.

This news sense and the spirit of enterprise are so often bound together in modern journalism that it is not easy to say where one leaves off or the other begins. Both were equal in the newspaper proprietors who dispatched Stanley to find Livingstone, and the same was the case when only one editor among the thousands who read of the kidnapping of a white maiden by Canadian Indians had the impulse to send a reporter instantly to visit the savages and discover the fate of the girl.

It was the mastering power of both the news sense and enterprise combined which sent Mr. Bonsal to the capital of Morocco with his life in his hand, and later to be the first passenger locked up, helplessly, in a submarine boat. "What goes up must come down," says a homely proverb, but in the case of this boat it was by no means so certain that what went down must come up.

A NATION THAT DANCED FOR A NEWSPAPER

In my own experience, the combination of impulses once operated in a way which makes me smile when I recall it. I went with Mr. Remington, the artist, all the way to the Rocky Mountains to see the "sun dance" of the Blackfeet Indians, but when we reached the Indian grounds we found that we were five weeks early. At that point the news sense had done all it could. Then enterprise rose up in us, and we hired the chief and his head men to order the whole tribe or nation to do their great religious dance for us in advance of the regular season. It cost a chest of tea, plenty of sugar, still more money, and a large quantity of tobacco, but the whole tribe performed for us with such mad enthusiasm that we were not quite certain we should not figure at the end as human sacrifices to their deities.

We had let loose all the savagery there was in that great reach of wild nature. But we found that there were limits even to the power of money, for on no account would the old chief permit us to take his photograph once he discovered that the camera employed the mysterious and (to him) awful forces of the sun to do its work. On the other hand, money would have bought for us the last thing we should have thought it could purchase—human suffering.

The young bucks of the tribe who, having made a successful hunting journey, are ready to be enrolled as warriors, undergo revolting self-torture in the "sun dance" in order to impress the others with their bravery and hardiness. This shocking sight was mercifully omitted from the dance as it was performed for us, but when we made inquiries as to the degree of pain and the length of torture it involved, the chief kindly offered to order any number of his young men that we desired to perform the operation for our enlightenment—at five dollars each!

EXCITING TIMES WITH MOLLY MAGUIRES

The most laughable and the most extraordinary experience I ever had in newspaper work brings out with a bold stroke the force which the news sense has when it exerts itself upon its subjects. It was in the days when the "Molly Maguires" were at last being brought to deserved grief. These Molly Maguires to which I refer were not the original lawless Irish band of that name, but a secret fraternity of coal-miners who herded together to terrorize the people in the Pennsylvania coal region with murder, arson, and violence of every nature. Two or more were about to be hanged at one of the mining centres, and many reporters assembled there. Among them was an unpopular one who was very credulous. He came to the rest of us for the news which he should have obtained for himself. From what I sorrowfully confess was a misguided sense of humor, I made him believe that the people dreaded an attack upon the town and an attempt to rescue the condemned men from the jail. He sent my rigmarole to his paper, and though the rest of us laughed in our sleeves, it turned out that he thus put a plume in his cap and made himself appear more clever than we.

On that night we went to bed, only to be startled out of our sleep by what appeared to be a fusillade of rifle shots. I had heard the same sound before, and knew it to be that of torpedoes affixed to the tracks of the neighboring railway by the men of one coal train to warn the crew of the next train that their way ahead was not clear. Therefore I meant to turn over and go to sleep again. But it was not to be. Some of my reporter friends burst into my room and bade me dress with all haste. The Molly Maguires were attacking the town, they said.

"But that is all nonsense," I answered; "it is the romance I invented this afternoon."

AN INNOCENT "FAKE" THAT CAME TRUE

And so it was. But I, and every other reporter there, was obliged, none the less, to flash the alleged news to all the New York papers, for the following strange reason: The silly fellow, at whose expense I had amused myself, had gone all over the place repeating my story and insisting that he had it upon the best authority. He had so excited the people that the leading ones had formed themselves into a special police force, had armed themselves and were patrolling the streets and waiting and listening with nerves strained to the breaking point. Others had discovered a band of mysterious but very substantial men camped around a fire in the woods just outside the town, and these were believed to be but biding their time for making the attack. No one had been to bed except the reporters. Thus a mere practical joke set to work forces which developed news that could not be disregarded, and I was obliged to telegraph the tale with which I had, a few hours earlier, amused myself.

But the Frenchman who said "it is the unexpected which happens," expressed in a phrase the character of all news and the constant experience of the reporter. Two days after my own invention turned to reality, I followed the bodies of the executed outlaws to the village where they had misspent their lives. I was bent upon describing the "wake" which I knew would precede their burial. Nothing seemed more certain or simple than the execution of this plan, yet I did not carry it out.

What a strange phase of existence I see as I think back on that little coal-mining village—what an anachronism it was to exist in this century—how misplaced in our free and enlightened land! Death was not only in the cabins of the two cowardly assassins; its swart shadow hung like a pall over the entire place. The only man who walked boldly in the single street was the mine boss or foreman, and he was girt about with pistols and guarded by stalwart constables of the Coal and Iron Police, who followed him like two shadows armed with carbines. The "Mollies" had sworn to take his life as they had taken scores of others, yet he stayed there and went on with his work. He strode the street boldly, but the other men slunk in and out and to and fro like cats—or panthers.

I went into a cabin of the dead, and the crooning ceased, the very air grew chilly, every man turned his back upon me; the women alone faced me, but with hatred in their looks. No one offered me a welcome, a chair, or a share of the feasting. The press had stirred the authorities to break up their band; had I been the law personified I could not have been more unwelcome. I sat down, but not for long. A ruffian lurched over to me and asked if I was a reporter.

"Yes; what then?"

"Well, you're not wanted here," said he.

I saw that he meant more than that. Bidding them all good-by, I strode out with my face composed to express the utmost *sang-froid*. I looked about the tiny village, hating to give up my task, wondering what to do. As I lounged in front of a shop window I became aware that the shopkeeper was beckoning me in.

"Are you the New York reporter?"

"Yes."

"Then take my advice and leave this village at once. The men have sworn to kill you if you stay after sundown."

I took the advice because I could get nothing by staying. So, at sunset, I left the village and climbed the bare face of the mountain beside it—as conspicuous a target and as complete an advertisement of defeat as ever was mortal man.

When General Miller Won His Spurs

"GENERAL MILLER reports from Iloilo that the town was taken on the 11th instant and held by our troops." Such was the terse sentence in which General Otis announced General Miller's victory over the insurgents and the capture of one of their strongholds; a victory that, like so many American victories in the last war, was won without the loss of a man.

The selection of General Miller to command the American Army at Iloilo was warmly applauded. There is no better tactician in the service, no more resourceful or self-possessed officer, or one that has a greater moral influence upon his command, and yet General Miller is not a stage General, not the type generally looked for in a valiant fighter. One might pass by the quiet, rather small, dignified, unassuming man without recognizing the fact that he was a gallant commander. But he won his spurs many years ago in the Civil War and in the Indian campaigns, where he gained the experience in the methods of warfare characteristic of a half-civilized people so valuable to him now.

It is a subject worthy of note that all of the Generals who have made a remarkable record in the Pacific islands have had much practice in Indian fighting, and the ambushes and bushwhacking of the Panays have consequently been anticipated with much less loss than would have been possible if our men had been commanded by officers unskilled in opposing such methods.

General Miller is a Massachusetts man and was graduated at the Military Academy in 1854. His promotions came rapidly. For bravery at Malvern Hill he was breveted Captain; for valor in the cavalry campaign from Winchester to Richmond, Major; at Dinwiddie he was again breveted, this time Lieutenant-Colonel. In seven short years he reached a rank by brevet that many officers are glad to obtain in half a lifetime.

After the war General Miller was stationed for a time at West Point, and subsequently at the Post-Graduate Artillery School at Fort Monroe. Last spring, when the President was looking out for able officers to command the Volunteers, he was named a Brigadier. General Miller took command at San Francisco and sailed at once for the Philippines, where he has rendered efficient and gallant service, his latest exploit the winning of a bloodless victory at Iloilo.

Editor's Note—This is the second paper in Julian Ralph's series on The Making of a Journalist. The series began in the last issue of the Post, and will be continued weekly in succeeding numbers.

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